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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 137

EDITORIALS:

NEW DEAL ROUND-UP 139
RUSSIA'S BORDER CONFLICT 140
LABOR'S POWER POLITICS 141

THE GREATEST MANAGING EDITOR by Paul Y. Anderson 142

WILL JAPAN HOLD OUT? by John Gunther 143

MURDER IN A TEXAS PRISON CAMP by Matt Slay 146

CAN A JEW BE A FASCIST? by Ludwig Lore 148

A CIGARETTE BY ANY NAME— by Helen Woodward 151

IN THE WIND 154

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 155

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

PURGING THE VIENNA STAGE by Henry B. Kranz 156
NEW COMMUNIST PRESBYTER by Keith Hutchison 157
BRILLIANT AND DEMORALIZING by Oswald Garrison Villard 158
LIBERAL AMONG FASCISTS by Milton Rugoff 158
CAN CZECHOSLOVAKIA SURVIVE? by Adolf Sturmthal 159
POETRY IN THE MODERN WORLD by Louis Kronenberger 160
SHORTER NOTICES 162

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The Shape of Things

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MEXICO HAS A MUCH STRONGER CASE IN rejecting Hull's thesis that "universally recognized rules of law and equity" require immediate payment for expropriated property than the State Department will like to admit. There are few countries that have not at one time or another applied measures of expropriation of a general and impersonal character, such as Mexico's, without paying compensation. Perhaps the closest parallel is the action of the Soviet Union in confiscating all land and productive properties in 1918. While the Soviet government has made financial adjustments with some countries, it has never conceded that it was obligated to pay compensation; no payment has ever been made to American claimants. But it is not necessary to go to a revolutionary government for a precedent. The United States did not compensate the foreign holders of distillery and brewery stocks when it prohibited the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. Nor did it pay compensation to foreign slaveholders after the Civil War. Several European countries have put through agrarian-reform laws comparable to those of Mexico without making financial restitution to the landowners. It would be difficult to find any reason, legal or moral, why American capital should not accept the same risks as native capital in any country in which investments are made. Americans have no compunction about accepting the high profits usually associated with these risks.

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NEW YORK'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION cynically emphasizes the hidden pressures which fashion momentous documents. While the next fortnight will determine the character of the convention's product, there are already numerous signs of disaster. The Poletti amendment to declare the resources of the Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers inalienable was almost buried in committee and still faces serious opposition from the power trust. Real-estate interests have made headway in sabotaging an admittedly inadequate housing amendment. Approving an admirable collective-bargaining guaranty, the delegates shouted down an anti-injunction

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law in the same breath. Even health insurance has suffered a defeat. What should most arouse the rest of the country, however, is the so-called "anti-bureaucracy" article advanced for final vote. This article is designed to nullify the decisions of administrative agencies—such as the Labor Relations Board—by placing detailed questions of fact as well as serious issues of law at the mercy of judicial review. It represents the newest phase of the attack on the structure of administrative government. Conservatives first insisted that the Wagner Act was unconstitutional; they found they were wrong. They then launched a furious campaign of defamation against the labor boards—national and state; it has failed. They now propose that the courts shall not merely determine infringements of law in quasi-judicial decisions but become an arbiter of the facts in dispute. If the courts take over the job for which the administrative boards were established, the boards themselves might just as well be abolished. That, it need scarcely be added, is what the leaders of the holy war against "bureaucracy" are after.

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THE SUMMER MEETING OF THE REPUBLICAN program committee was distinguished by the birth of a streamlined, charging elephant as the party's new emblem; it replaces the drooping, listless figure which had become too apt a symbol of party lethargy. The delegates also sought stimulation in the rallying cry: "Let's G. O. Places," but they encountered painful difficulty in getting under way. At least one section of the leadership was visibly weary of blanket attacks on the New Deal, of frontal assaults on an unprecedentedly popular President; the diehards favored mid-term affirmation of the principles which swept Maine and Vermont. Because everyone had his own plan, the session produced nothing more virile than a general statement which was almost soothing in tone and scrupulous in its avoidance of Mr. Roosevelt's name. As for a specific program, the committee apparently felt that silence best described the party's position. It is difficult to recall any time at which political opposition was so frail and blundering, so removed from the temper of the people. If this meeting is symptomatic of the great Republican comeback, the Democrats will not need Mr. Roosevelt in 1940; Charlie McCarthy could win hands down.

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LORD RUNCIMAN'S ACTIVITIES DURING HIS first week in Czechoslovakia have not been such as to inspire confidence in him as an astute or unbiased adviser. After perfunctory calls on President Benes, Prime Minister Hodza, and Foreign Minister Krofta lasting not more than twenty minutes, he immediately had two long interviews with Henleinist representatives. On the following day he received, too briefly, the representatives of the German democrats. The week-end he spent in the Sudeten region at the home of a wealthy German landowner. He has now begun conversations with delegates from the other minorities and evidently proposes to take his time about his whole investigation. So far, his visit has served to delay rather than alleviate the crisis. Backed by a fresh anti-Czech press campaign in Germany, the Sudetens have been encouraged to intensify their demands. The nationalities statute, which was in shape for consideration by Parliament, has been set aside. Thus, an issue which the Czech government was attempting to settle, fairly and peacefully, has been reopened—with consequences which no one can foretell but for which Mr. Chamberlain must shoulder full responsibility.

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AMERICAN DELEGATES RETURNING FROM the World Conference for Action on the Bombardment of Open Towns, which was held in Paris at the end of July under the chairmanship of Viscount Cecil, report the discussions to have been grim but realistic. The conference took steps to set up an international commission to aid the victims of aggression—whether in Spain, China, or Central Europe. It voted to open an International Peace Hospital in China by October 12. Recognizing, however, that relief is meaningless without positive action to check aggression, it called on peace organizations throughout the world to intensify the boycott on the purchase of Japanese goods and to seek an embargo on the shipment of war materials. It asked that these measures be extended to all countries guilty of bombing civil populations. It called for complete freedom of trade for the government of Spain, and urged financial assistance to China. In order to launch this program, the peace organizations of Europe are calling national conferences prior to the September meeting of the League of Nations. At the moment the American peace organizations are the only ones not actively at work. It is impossible to believe, however, in view of this country's magnificent record of generosity in the period following the World War, that it can long remain indifferent to the great tragedies of our times.

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ONE YEAR AGO THE BARONS OF "LITTLE Steel" were waging a desperate struggle against the C. I. O. to protect what was loftily called the American way of life. The La Follette committee is now unfolding the intimate details of this good life as conceived by Tom Girdler. Its formula included soup and nuts for clergymen, who were thereupon expected to announce that God was rooting for "Little Steel"; it embraced generous financial nuggets for newspaper publishers, who would presumably add the blessings of the press; it involved a more rough and virile diet for workers who tried to behave as free men. As Paul Anderson empha-

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sized in a recent dispatch, murder was committed and condoned in the name of law and order; the pattern of terror was systematic and far-flung. Ray L. Thomas, attorney for two "independent unions" in Youngstown, has admitted that company thugs were armed before entering the struck plant and told to "go in shooting if necessary"; employees of Youngstown Sheet and Tube were cheerfully designated as special deputies by an amiable sheriff; Republic Steel spent $50,000 on munitions alone. These items do not merely add up to violations of the Wagner Act; they involve criminal acts and should be treated as such. While the mere impact of these revelations will curb some employer lawlessness, we doubt that they will touch the conscience of the Tom Girdlers; neither can we rely upon local authorities to punish crimes in which they were in some cases active partners. What is needed is permanent federal authority to deal with industrial gangsterism. If the old civil-rights statute invoked in the Harlan trial can be constitutionally applied in such cases, a useful weapon is at hand; if not, other legal sanction must be obtained to smash the reign of corporate terror over thousands of American workers.

*

ALTHOUGH AN IMMIGRANT SHIP, THE Mayflower, provides one of our national symbols, our immigration laws have come to be noteworthy chiefly for their xenophobia. When the late Daniel W. MacCormack was Commissioner of Immigration he sought to apply the laws with a modicum of good sense and human feeling. We had hoped that his successor, James L. Houghteling, would carry on in the same spirit, but the increased volume of complaint from social and welfare agencies indicates the contrary. In the past, when good character was proved and illegal entry was the only offense, voluntary departure and reentry from Canada or Cuba have been allowed. Commissioner Houghteling insists on deportations or on voluntary departure to non-adjacent countries, putting aliens of this category and their families to much expense and hardship. A recent example is the case of Athanasios Vassiliades, who entered the United States illegally more than ten years ago and has an American wife and two American children; a third child is on the way. New York social agencies attest to his good character. He has a job. He was arrested on the afternoon of June 17 for deportation to Greece at noon the next day, although he came from Turkey and has no friends or relatives in Greece. A writ postponed deportation at the last moment, but the Commissioner feels that "the interests of good administration require this man's deportation." Thus the government prepares to tear a man from his family and throw the family on relief—all in the name of "good administration."

New Deal Round-up

IT IS easy to understand why the anti-Roosevelt press pretends to find the Democratic primaries pregnant with disaster for the New Deal. It is not so easy to see what real comfort they can derive from the results so far, particularly since Kentucky demonstrated the efficacy of the Roosevelt benediction by overwhelmingly returning Alben Barkley to the Senate in what was undeniably a test of strength between Barkley's opponent and the President. The Republican New York *Herald Tribune,* which evinces a morbid interest in the internal struggles of the Democrats, finds that "the President has lost battle after battle," but it contents itself with citing the nominations of Senators Van Nuys of Indiana and Clark of Missouri, both of whom had death-grips on their state machines and were unopposed by New Deal candidates.

Actually the various state primaries have offered a host of local issues, involving clashes between intra-party factions, and except for Kentucky they have not presented the New Deal as an issue. Yet the trend in these polls should justify Roosevelt in feeling that the rank and file of his party is still behind him. Let's look at the record.

Allowing the victories of Clark and Van Nuys in clear fields, we may add to the triumphs of the anti-New Dealers the defeat of Representative Wearin in Iowa, although his only real claim to Administration support was a personal indorsement from Harry Hopkins; the defeat of William E. Dodd, Jr., who admittedly ran for Congress in Virginia as a Roosevelt man; and finally the serious though extremely narrow victory of Paul Kilday over Maury Maverick in Texas, with the aid of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy and the abysmally corrupt San Antonio machine.

Against these accomplishments we have the early triumph of Lister Hill in Alabama over the ferocious Tom Heflin; the Florida victory of Claude Pepper, who ran for reelection to the Senate as a thoroughgoing Roosevelt supporter; and the clear-cut New Deal victory of Henry L. Hess in Oregon over Governor Martin, who had gained notoriety by his attempts to smash the C. I. O. and by the repertory of invective which he had used against Secretaries Perkins and Ickes. Then there was the victory of Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, who, while no bright light as a progressive, had campaigned as a "red-hot Rooseveltian." Pennsylvania Democrats, although they defeated Tom Kennedy, the C. I. O. candidate for the governorship, chose for the Senate Governor Earle, whose ardor for the New Deal had made him a favorite for the Roosevelt succession. Oklahoma reelected Elmer Thomas to the Senate with Roosevelt's blessing, although everybody expected a victory for Gomer Smith, whom the President had not too inferentially called a crackpot. Montana returned that doughty

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Roosevelt champion Jerry O'Connell to the House soon after his fracas in Jersey City. Tennessee decisively defeated George L. Berry, who in his short period in the Senate had voted against the most important bills in the Roosevelt program. And West Virginia reelected two New Dealers to Congress against a field of nondescript anti-Roosevelt candidates. Perhaps the most eloquent comment on the defeat of Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler at the hands of Senator Barkley in Kentucky was the dialogue reported from Chandler headquarters on the day after the election: "We oughta known we couldn't beat Roosevelt," said one Chandler worker, according to the New York *Times*. "That's right, Ab," replied a colleague, "I tried to tell 'em that but Hap thought better."

The anti-Administration press is fond of pointing out that in at least some of these cases the candidates who were defeated had not campaigned as opponents of the New Deal. That is true—and it is perhaps the most significant aspect of the primaries. So great was the President's popularity and that of the New Deal that such rabid foes as Senators Tydings of Maryland and George of Georgia felt obliged to go before the electorate as friends and admirers of Roosevelt.

If the Republicans can get any comfort out of that, they deserve it. Unfortunately for them it cannot be a lasting one, for when November rolls around they will find themselves facing opponents who, whatever their innermost beliefs, will appeal to the electorate in the magic name of the New Deal. Or will the Republicans, like the Copperheads they admire in the primaries, pretend that they too have always been for Roosevelt?

Russia's Border Conflict

CLASHES between Soviet and Japanese troops along the Siberian-Manchurian frontier have been so frequent in recent years that it is difficult to know how much significance to attach to the latest outbreaks. Literally thousands of pitched battles have been fought by detachments of the two armies since Japan first invaded northern Manchuria in 1931. A few of these may have arisen out of uncertainty as to the true location of the frontier, but the majority of them are known to have been launched by the Japanese for the purpose of testing the Soviet defenses. These attacks, like that on the Panay, were also utilized by the military extremists to create the war psychology needed for the attainment of their ambitions at home.

As during previous incidents, the dispatches from the two sides in the present crisis have been contradictory. It is impossible for anyone to be certain which side took the initiative or what has been the outcome of the fighting. Although Japan has an unbroken record of aggression along this border, as well as in China, it is difficult to see what it can hope to achieve from a showdown with Russia at the present time. The Japanese militarists may have been egged on by Hitler in order to prevent the Soviets from coming to the aid of Czechoslovakia in the approaching crisis in Central Europe. Or they may have found it necessary to create a distraction to cover up the slow progress of their drive on Hankow. But in either case they would be courting disaster. Russia is better prepared and much less passive than it was even a year ago.

It is not impossible that the Soviets have seized upon the moment when Japan was most occupied in China to reestablish their lines along the border. While the ownership of the strategic Changkufeng area may be open to some doubt, pending final demarcation of the frontier, there is a strong presumption in favor of the Soviets. They have produced the Hunchow treaty of 1886 with its attached maps showing the Changkufeng hills to be Russian territory. Whether their claim under the treaty is substantiated or not, Japan has certainly no legal or moral rights in the area. It is either Russian or Chinese, and China has never claimed the disputed region.

In spite of the continued fighting and the sharp tone of the diplomatic exchanges, the danger of a major war developing from these border incidents is probably less today than it was between 1934 and 1937. In those years a strong war party in Japan favored an immediate attack on the Soviet Union. That group, led by Araki, the Minister of Education, still exists, but it can hardly look upon the present moment as especially propitious. The Soviets also have every reason to avoid large-scale hostilities. Each month of war in China has seen Japan becoming progressively less of a menace. If an attack on Japan were contemplated, it would undoubtedly have been launched before Japanese reinforcements could be sent to Manchuria. And the Soviet record, in contrast to that of the Japanese, has yet to be marred by aggressive or provocative behavior. If we are to judge by past experience, local collisions are likely to continue, but they will stop short of actual war.

Meanwhile, whether there be war or merely a succession of incidents, China stands to benefit materially from the rising tension on the Manchurian border. After the Japanese setbacks at Taierhchwang and Chengchow, substantial reinforcements were withdrawn from Manchuria for the drive on Hankow. Part of these have now been returned, with the result that the Japanese drive on Hankow, hampered by floods and desperate Chinese resistance, has been checked. Seasonal factors have also played into China's hands. The floods on the Yellow and Yangtze rivers are at their height. It is the season when malaria, cholera, and dysentery are most virulent. In the north, where the temperature is somewhat more moderate, the *kaoliang* has attained nearly its full growth, thus providing excellent cover for guerrilla operations. Thus

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the Japanese find themselves at least temporarily caught in a trap of their own making. To take on Russia at a time when they cannot make headway in China would seem an act of madness.

Labor's Power Politics

ALL signs point to a sharpening of the factional struggle within the American labor movement, particularly in the C. I. O. In many unions and in every corner of the country the immediate economic interests of the workers are being submerged under or confused with a bewildering conglomeration of political and theoretical issues crystallizing in a bitter fight for power. Every day brings new charges, new evidences of division. War rages in the maritime unions; a revolt against the leadership of Harry Bridges on the West Coast has been organized by four important organizations in the Los Angeles area. And the United Automobile Workers, most militant and lustiest offspring of the C. I. O., is threatened with disruption as the result of the internal struggle which has just culminated in the ousting of three vice-presidents and the suspension of a fourth.

It is too easy merely to blame the Communists for this destructive development. It is too easy even to blame factionalism in general. The political issues raised by Communists and Lovestonites and other political groups are valid and have a place in the trade-union movement. It is true that to the average worker on the assembly line the question of lifting the embargo on Spain may sound irrelevant; that what he wants is security in his job, better wages, shorter hours. But also, whether he knows it or not, he wants the defeat of fascism; and it is one of the proper functions of an enlightened labor movement to demonstrate the relationship of Spain to working-class advance. The man on the assembly line, however, has a right to demand, first, that the job in hand—the economic betterment of the membership—be tackled with a zeal and ability undiminished by other less intimate issues, and second that any conflict over these issues be conducted by methods that offer no threat to the strength and integrity of the union.

On both scores he has grounds for complaint today. In the U. A. W. his immediate economic interests have been almost lost sight of in the battle over large political issues waged above his head; and those issues themselves have faded before the naked bid for power by factional groups. He has seen his organization turned into a labor Tammany Hall; no holds have been barred in the struggle to dominate the union. The Communists in their effort to put members or sympathizers into key positions and to undermine the prestige of Homer Martin, international president, have used thoroughly discreditable tactics. But factionalism is not a Stalinist monopoly. Martin himself has worked in close alliance with Jay Lovestone, head of the Independent Labor League and violent left opponent of the Communist Party. Martin's principal lieutenants are "Lovestonites." If the Communist Party urged support of "collective security" upon the automobile workers, Martin openly supported "isolation" and is known to have asked Lovestone's advice as to whether he should support an appeal to lift the embargo against Spain. And Martin's supporters have vied with the Communists in using the techniques of *Machtpolitik*.

A large share of the trouble that has afflicted the automobile workers lies in a raw rank and file and in officials hardly more experienced. Martin is an ex-preacher whose forte is oratory; certainly it is not either administration or strategy. A strong, tempered union leader, like Hillman or Murray, might have guided even this turbulent and overgrown union through the rip tides of factional dispute. He would doubtless have tried to minimize political issues until the period of growth and consolidation of power was safely passed, and would have directed the energies of the leaders and members alike to their most pressing organizational and economic problems. Martin was hopelessly unable to accomplish this task and it should not have been given to him. But the situation in the union made it impossible, after the C. I. O. was formed, to shift control to an outsider, no matter how well qualified.

At this late hour intervention by John L. Lewis or one of his ablest lieutenants probably offers the only hope of pulling together the shattered fragments of the organization. The ousted vice-presidents demand a convention before which their case will be reopened. The Martin faction, now in complete control of the executive board, flatly opposes both solutions. Martin prefers to govern by purge, obviously believing that compromise is impossible. The one group in the union that offers any hope of orderly and disinterested administration is that headed by Walter Reuther. In the present controversy Reuther has sided with the accused officials. But he seems to be an honest advocate of unity—a badly distorted word in the U. A. W.—and an opponent of the skullduggery that has characterized both major factions. Reuther and a committee of thirteen local union presidents almost a month ago asked John L. Lewis to intervene to straighten out the affairs of the U. A. W. Although the effort temporarily failed, Reuther's counsels must prevail in the end if the union is to be saved. A strong and steady hand is needed until the U. A. W. has had time to mature its own leadership and develop those democratic procedures which offer the only ultimate defense against disruptive tactics. The purge is a horse doctor's remedy for the evils of factionalism.

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The Greatest Managing Editor

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 8

OLIVER K. BOVARD, the legendary "O. K. B." of a thousand newspaper shop yarns, has resigned as managing editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and American journalism has lost a commanding figure and a fascinating personality. In their time there were but two giants—Carr V. Van Anda of the New York *Times* and Bovard. Between them they almost succeeded in making the gathering, writing, and editing of news a noble profession. If they failed, it was because they could not overcome the law whereby base currency tends to drive out good. I never knew Van Anda except through his towering achievements, but I worked under Bovard for nearly a quarter of a century.

In the same sense that the late Justice Cardozo was known as "a judges' judge," Bovard was known as a newspapermen's newspaperman. That is, he was revered inside his own craft because of his lofty standards and superb competence. The folklore of the trade is rich with stories illustrating his matchless judgment of news and men, his sure instinct for the genuine as against the spurious in both, the sixth sense by which he detected events unseen, and his inhuman detachment and decisiveness in the midst of confusion and uncertainty. When rival extras hit the streets with Roy Howard's false report of the Armistice and ten thousand celebrating St. Louisans danced insanely in the rain before the *Post-Dispatch* building, he calmly got out the regular edition announcing that American troops had entered Stenay. Afterward he said quietly: "A comparison of the news with the map made it perfectly apparent that the German plenipotentiaries could not possibly have reached the French border, much less Foch's headquarters." Next day proved he was exactly correct.

Bovard's professional standing and ability made a strange contrast with his personal self-effacement. His passion for anonymity was an obsession. For twenty years he was the most influential individual in St. Louis, but to the city's public his name was unknown. It never appeared in "Who's Who." The exploits of many men who performed them under Bovard's guidance are recorded in that volume, but not his. Other editors made the after-dinner speeches and served on the reception committees; "O. K. B." was content to run the paper. He shunned society and never joined a club. Yet in the narrow circle where he chose to move outside the office he was prized as a rare and delightful companion. He deliberately cloistered his private life to avoid associations which might embarrass him in his single-minded determination to get and print all the news. In that implacable resolve, God knows, he never wavered.

The feelings entertained toward him by his subordinates and office associates usually were in direct ratio to their own competence. Careless reporters, slovenly writers, and oafish sub-editors lived in terror of his questions. To those who met his tests he gave encouragement, inspiration, and unflagging personal solicitude. They gave him in return an idolatry so blind and heedless that it failed to distinguish between his objectives and those of the paper's owners—an omission which some of them have lived to regret. Yet I doubt there is one who is not thankful for the privilege of having learned his trade under Bovard. He was the best friend of every good man who ever worked for him.

In this space I cannot hope to describe his singular abilities or indicate the range of his sinewy, searching mind. Through one rule which he laid down for reporters he may be glimpsed. This was the rule: "Never be satisfied with the surface of the news." If he considered the pupil worth while he would explain: "There is a formal and superficial aspect of every story. It may be a police report, a lawyer's brief, an application for a trolley franchise, or a President's message to Congress. As such it may have a proper place in your story. But to print that alone may result in misleading the reader partially or completely. A vital part of your function is to supply the additional facts which gives the reader the true picture. Between the reporter and the reader a direct and independent relationship exists. Your responsibility to the reader cannot be shifted. If through his reliance on you the reader is misinformed or inadequately informed, you have failed in your professional duty."

What journalistic crimes would be prevented by the observance of that rule! When unoffending men and women are murdered in cold blood by professional thugs imported by corporations to break strikes, the public would not be told that they died in "labor riots." When a functionary of the State Department tries to turn the heat on Mexico in behalf of his friends, the oil companies, the public would not be blandly informed that "friendly relations between the two countries are being endangered by complications arising from . . ." There would be fewer papers like the Chicago *Tribune* and the Los Angeles *Times*, and journalism would bear a less humiliating resemblance to a certain profession.

Bovard's insistence upon the *real story* as against the

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surface of the news is responsible for the popular myth that the *Post-Dispatch* is a "crusading" newspaper which produces "crusading" reporters. Actually it is nothing of the kind. Except for the lamentably brief period when the late Clark McAdams conducted its editorial page, it would not even qualify as a liberal newspaper. In recent years it has shifted so far to the right that the masthead bearing its founder's "platform" is virtually suspended in space. The only consistent strain of liberalism on its editorial page will be found in Fitzpatrick's incomparable cartoons, and he has been in disfavor more than once because of them. What made the *Post-Dispatch* famous was the extraordinary diligence, daring, and fine disregard of convention with which it went after the news, got it, and printed it. That was the hand of Bovard. The press associations, with their constant search for the lowest common denominator of editorial tastes, were his despair and detestation. Given the men and money he would have covered every important and accessible story in the world with a staff correspondent. Experience had taught him that in no other way could he be sure of having *the real story*. The frequency with which he had it is the basis of the paper's reputation.

When he had finished his work at the *Times*, Van Anda retired, covered with the blessings of a grateful publisher. Bovard, a younger man, quits the *Post-Dispatch* at the very pinnacle of his surpassing powers "because of irreconcilable differences of opinion with Mr. Pulitzer over the conduct of the paper." Having some knowledge of the opinions of the second Joseph Pulitzer I can readily understand why they would conflict with those of the greatest managing editor in the business. Many will marvel that he would venture so far to assert them, but there was a family precedent for it. His brothers, Ralph and Herbert Pulitzer, eventually asserted themselves in the management of the New York *World* and *Evening World*, with consequences which have not been forgotten. What a misfortune that the transmission of acquired properties has no rigid parallel in the transmission of acquired characteristics!

Will Japan Hold Out?

BY JOHN GUNTHER

ON the surface it seems that the Chinese struggle is reaching some sort of climax in the present battles in the Yangtze Valley. If the Japanese take Hankow, as they probably will, despite the heroic quality of Chinese resistance, they will hope that the Chinese will surrender. But the Chinese won't, any more than they surrendered after the loss of Nanking in December. On the other hand, I think it highly unlikely that the Japanese will blow up, fade away, or otherwise make a Chinese victory possible in the near future. More and more it looks like a stalemate, a deadlock, with both armies pinioned together in indecisive conflict. If this stalemate should persist, the eventual result will almost certainly depend on two things—morale and supplies. Therefore it is useful to summarize the position of both China and Japan with regard to these factors.

I must admit that I have been a little shocked, on returning to America after visiting Hankow and Tokyo, the two war capitals, at the amount of wishful thinking here. Almost everywhere people hope that China will win—so do I—and because they hope so they proceed to *assume* that China will win. China may very well win if the war lasts long enough and if a given set of circumstances occurs, but it is sheer blindness, ostrichism of the most dangerous sort, to think in terms of a complete Chinese victory soon. I don't like wishful thinking. And I think it is bad tactics and bad strategy to underestimate your enemy. Even if it sounds like defeatism, it may be worth while to outline some of the Chinese difficulties.

People say that 60 million people cannot conquer 400 million people. That is dubious. Sixty million people can easily conquer 400 million people, provided that the 60 million have arms and supplies, and the 400 million haven't. People say that the Japanese are hopelessly bogged down in China. They are certainly facing greater difficulties than they anticipated, and they are certainly months behind their schedule, but I don't think that they are really bogged down. And people say that there will be a severe economic crisis in Japan, with possible consequent social revolution, if the war lasts much longer. This is possible, but I do not think it is likely for a year or two. The catch is, how much longer is "much"?

A few months ago in Hankow the man who is as much entitled to an opinion as anyone in China told me that the result of the war depended on supplies. At present the Chinese have four possible routes of supply:

1. The railway from Hongkong (Kowloon, to be precise) and Canton up to Hankow. This is the main route. I believe that at least 80 per cent of Chinese munitions come by this route. Of this 80 per cent, incidentally, a very considerable proportion comes from Germany. This is a totalitarian paradox of a most peculiar species. Other providers are, in the main, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and, to a limited extent, the United States. If you

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ask why the Germans, the allies of the Japanese in the anti-Comintern (which means anti-Russian) pact, should sell to Japan's enemy, the answer apparently is that the Germans, even for the sake of politics, cannot afford to give up their thriving Chinese export trade. This enormously important Canton-Hankow route will, of course, be severely diminished in value if the Japanese take Hankow. Doubtless the Chinese, at least for a time, will keep the line as far as Changsha, but loss of Hankow will in effect mean that China is deprived of its last important railroad as a carrier of supplies. The Japanese have bombed it unmercifully. But the Chinese manage to keep it open.

2. The French-owned and operated railway from the coast of Indo-China up to Yunnanfu, to which town in remote southwestern China the Chinese government may move. This route is a valuable one, though the French have tried to check munitions shipments. Unfortunately Yunnanfu is not connected by railway with any other Chinese center, so that supplies, once they reach that city, would have to be transferred to the front by road. And Chinese roads are not good.

3. A new road, built at the cost of incredible labor, from the Burmese frontier to Yunnanfu. This road is not yet officially open to heavy traffic, but it will be operating soon. Obviously it suffers from the disadvantages of any overland route in an underdeveloped country, but it may turn out to be of great importance.

4. The arduously long and difficult land route from the Soviet Union through northern Sinkiang or Outer Mongolia to the nearest convenient Chinese entrepôt, say Lanchow or Sian. This route is being used, and some Russian trucks have got in. But it is expensive and very difficult. For instance, the trucks have to carry all their own gas, oil, and water for at least an eight-day trip, which does not leave much room for pay load.

China has a currency problem too. Not many countries are giving China credit, even though they may know that wars are, of course, traditionally paid for by the next generation. The Chinese dollar has fallen about 40 per cent in the last year, though it is at the moment remaining remarkably steady. Chinese export trade has suffered deeply, and the richest tax-paying provinces of China are the battlefield. Also Japan holds the great treaty ports except Canton, which means that it is seizing all but a fraction of the Chinese maritime customs that formerly provided almost 50 per cent of Chinese revenue. Perhaps "seizing" is technically an incorrect word; the customs money goes, I believe, into blocked accounts in the Yokohama Specie Bank. However, the Japanese have the use of it, and China isn't getting any.

The great Chinese weakness is artillery. Chinese munitions plants can manufacture small arms and machine-guns, but not precision instruments of quality and not much artillery. Nor have the Chinese anywhere near enough aircraft. The Russians have sent in a few pilots and planes, but not many. An air raid in China is apt to be a pitiable experience. The Japanese no longer bomb with impunity, as they once did, and almost always they lose planes in dog fights, but the Chinese anti-aircraft equipment is insufficient and relatively ineffective, with the result that the enemy usually inflicts severe material damage.

Japan, on the other hand, has pretty much all the supplies it needs. We in the United States bear partial responsibility for this. It goes without saying that Japan feels some drain. Petrol is carefully rationed, and building construction has been stopped in order to conserve supplies. In a recent issue of the *Japan Advertiser* new measures are reported to limit the use of materials like cotton and leather. Japanese exports, on which the island lives, are down about 20 per cent according to figures in the latest issue of the *China Weekly Review*. The value of exports from January to May 10 of last year was 1,100,000,000 yen (the yen is currently quoted at approximately 28 cents); in the corresponding period of this year the figure is 906,000,000 yen. The Japanese national debt has increased from roughly 12,000,000,000 yen to about 17,000,000,000 yen in a single year (in 1930, before the Manchoukuoan incident, it was only about 6,000,000,000). The banks, the insurance companies, the great financial establishments, are flooded with red-ink bonds.

Yet it would be risky to say that Japan is going broke. Totalitarian states—Japan has been a totalitarian state since about the sixteenth century—can perform incredible juggleries with money, especially in time of war. The thing to watch is the export trade, because the best-informed people in Japan think that the country's supply of crucial raw materials—steel, petroleum, etc.—can last only about eighteen months more. There is no currency crisis or inflation as yet, though currency control is very strict, and some gold has been sold. The gold cover is high, at almost 40 per cent. Prices, however, are generally rising.

As to morale, it is almost always easy to have good morale when you have good machine-guns. The Japanese, a tough and determined people, facing what they freely concede to be a titanic job, are not showing much sign of weakening, at least on the surface. I don't know what is going on, if anything, underneath the surface. I doubt if anyone does. The war is not popular. There is no doubt of that, even though war-time economy has given a fillip

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to both patriotism and business. But revolution will never be easy in Japan, unless the army itself makes it, or unless there should be a sudden, spectacular, and complete defeat.

Chinese morale is magnificent. There is no other word. The war *is* popular with them. The Chinese may lack money and supplies, they may lack even primitively efficient munitions, but they have put up a fight against the enormously better-equipped Japanese that staggers the imagination. The Japanese thought it would be all over in three months. But it may—it *may*—last three more years. All over China, from the most competent and experienced observers, I heard the same story: that the Japanese, fighting to keep China from becoming united and strong, have, up to the present at least, produced just what they sought to prevent—a strong, united China. Japanese bombs have brought the menace of Japan to villages which had scarcely ever heard of Japan. Refugees have carried their tale of woe and renascent nationalism to the remotest parts of the interior. Boys are drilling with broomsticks for service in a national army in provinces where the very idea of a national army would have been scoffed at two years ago. A new China has been born. If only it survives!

There are two dangers to China in the way of morale. One is the possibility that the Japanese may conceivably succeed in buying some of the provincial leaders. The second, only a very remote possibility at present, is a split between the Red Army and the Kuomintang. But the Japanese themselves have served to minimize these possibilities, because they have so aroused the country that everyone hates them more than he hates rival Chinese. Japanese cement has unified China.

If you ask me what I think the next stage of the war will be—how, in other words, the deadlock will shape up—I hesitantly offer the following idea: I think that, following an undeclared war, there may eventually be an undeclared peace.

Drawings by John Groth

The Japanese will probably intrench themselves behind the Lunghai railway and the Tientsin-Pukow railway. In that way they would have rail maneuverability and, if they built concrete and steel fortifications, they would probably be impregnable to frontal attack, since the Chinese are so weak in artillery. The Chinese are wonderfully stubborn in retreat; they shrewdly base their tactics on making any Japanese advance extremely expensive. But they have, as yet, only small attacking power. Therefore if the Japanese dig in they may have a fair chance of holding this vast region. They are already beginning to exploit it, that is, make the Chinese population itself pay for the rest of the war.

I don't think that the Japanese have any zest to proceed beyond Hankow, and I don't think they would attempt to pursue Chiang Kai-shek to Chungking or Yunnanfu. Nor would it be necessary to negotiate with him. They could adopt their favorite tactics of ignoring his regime, pretending that it isn't there; in fact, as things are at present, negotiations are impossible technically, since the Japanese do not recognize that he exists. This sounds odd, but the decision to withdraw recognition was taken with the Emperor's sanction, and it will not be too easy to revive Chiang if such a move indicates that the Emperor, by inference, was wrong. The Japanese can dismiss Chiang as a bandit, dare him to attack them, retire behind a steel wall, and wait. Undeclared peace.

The obstacle to this Japanese plan of a long deadlock, a fraying out of hostilities, and an eventual undeclared peace is the Red or Eighth Route Army. I am inclined to believe that the key to the outcome is this army (which isn't, strictly speaking, as much a "Communist" army as most people believe) and its subsidiary armies, more than any other factor. I think that the Red Army, if it continues to receive supplies—it must have some supplies, even though its prowess is formidable in living off the country and off the Japanese—is more vital to the Chinese cause than any economic drain in Tokyo. If the guerrillas trained by the Eighth Route Army can continue to harass Japanese communications, raid Japanese-occupied territory, and in general make havoc behind the Japanese lines, it may take years for the Japanese to consolidate their gains. The present campaigns seem to show that the Chinese cannot beat the Japanese front-to-front. You cannot fight an artillery barrage with a whistle. But you can fight it by tackling it from behind, which is what the guerrillas are trying to do. I have seen nicely shaded maps showing the territory the Japanese have "occupied." Half of this is in reality guerrilla territory, though it is far behind the lines. On the other hand, in order to keep up their sensationally stimulating struggle, the guerrillas need close liaison with the rest of China, which the fall of Hankow and a further Japanese advance might imperil.

Of course the border squabble this week in the no man's land between Manchoukuo and Siberia may develop into something very dangerous for Japan, and thus helpful to China. One school of thought in the East says that Japan, rather than suffer the alleged ignominy of being forced to a stalemate by China, will prefer to tackle

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the U. S. S. R. and anybody else in sight and take the chance of perishing in a volcano of so-called glory. But a more rational view is that Japan, with one hand full of Chinese dragons, can hardly be eager to mix it with a Russian bear with the other. Thus—at the moment of writing—the apparent Japanese willingness to give way to Russian demands, provided face is saved. What the Japanese seem to want is a formula whereby they can wriggle out of the scrape with "honor." If Russia carries on the present frontier incidents with a full-fledged invasion of Manchoukuo or Korea, then obviously the Japanese will have to divert troops from China to the north and the Chinese position will be infinitely improved.

If I have seemed unduly pessimistic in some passages of this article, let me end on another note. One of the best military men in China told me that this war, if it has accomplished nothing else, has at least indicated that the Japanese are not quite so invulnerable as many experts thought. "Any first-class European army, with proper equipment, even the Italian army," he said, "could drive the Japanese into the sea in six months."

Murder in a Texas Prison Camp

BY MATT SLAY

CEDEL LAMBERT, a native of Waco, Texas, was taken off a Southern Pacific freight train one day last spring in the suburbs of Waxahachie, sixty-nine miles north of Waco. Along with three other Negroes he was arrested at the request of members of the crew who had telephoned ahead to the sheriff that the train was "loaded with bad Niggers." They were not ordered to leave the train but were greeted by a fusillade from the revolvers of several wildly shooting officers. One Negro was shot, but not fatally. A bullet from Sheriff Joe Roy's pistol accidentally entered a home near the scene of the shooting.

The wounded Negro was subsequently released when his parents came and paid a fine of $28, and two of the others similarly won their freedom when money for their fines was wired to the sheriff's office by friends or relatives. Lambert, unable to pay a fine, was taken to the Ellis County Farm, three miles east of Waxahachie.

On Saturday, April 30, Lambert, with a detachment of other County Farm prisoners, white and colored, was taken to a rock pit near the town of Italy, where, along with the others, he was ordered to break rock in a six-foot pit. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon Lambert slacked off work. Hobb McCullough, forty-year-old guard, with more than two years of service at the County Farm, ordered him to "Get to work, Nigger."

"Boss, I'm too sick; I can't work," the Negro protested.

Whereupon McCullough, as he afterward admitted at his trial, entered the pit, slapped Lambert "three or four times," and said, "Get to work, Nigger, or I'll whip you."

Lambert, according to witnesses, tried to work, and McCullough did not further molest him until about two o'clock that afternoon. During the lunch period, from twelve to twelve-thirty, witnesses unanimously stated, Lambert left his food untouched. At two o'clock he quit work and stood idle in the rock pit. When McCullough again ordered him to get to work, the Negro once more complained that he was too sick. McCullough then ordered him to come out of the pit and to lie face down on the ground. The guard then placed one foot upon the Negro's shoulder, and with a heavy gun-belt which he had borrowed from a fellow guard he inflicted between "thirty and forty" lashes upon Lambert's back, rump, and legs. After this whipping, Lambert was again ordered to go to work.

The Negro, in the words of witnesses, "tried to work again," and did so until he "fell out." McCullough then ordered two other Negro prisoners, George Jones and Bozo Bonner, to bring him out of the pit and at the same time ordered Edward Culton, another Negro prisoner, to cut and bring him a stick. Jones and Bonner held Lambert at McCullough's command. Witnesses testified that McCullough beat Lambert all over his body until the stick was "worn to a nub"; then the guard, according to further sworn testimony, hit Lambert on the head with the "nub" of the stick, and once more ordered him to get to work.

Upon the dazed Negro's continued failure to resume work, McCullough again ordered Jones and Bonner to bring him out of the pit and hold him as before. This time McCullough is said to have ordered a larger and heavier stick, and while the prisoners held Lambert, McCullough beat him until he himself "give out."

Witnesses testified that McCullough whipped and beat Lambert "five or six different times," and that all the Negro ever did was feebly to "reach his hand back where he was whipping him at," and that once or twice he said, "O Lord, have mercy." Nevertheless, McCullough climaxed his brutal performance by drawing his pistol on Lambert, with the words: "Get down on

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your knees and start praying, I am going to kill you; run, you black bastard, I will empty these bullets out of this gun."

Lambert is reported to have pleaded, "Please don't kill me, Captain; please don't kill me." When McCullough continued to menace him, Lambert feebly threw a rock at the gun in McCullough's hand, and then darted behind a Negro prisoner, crying out in terror: "Don't let him kill me!" Commanding the sheltering Negro to get out of the way, McCullough ordered Jones and Bonner to hold Lambert again, and beat the Negro until, according to witnesses, Lambert "had a call of nature" in his clothes.

McCullough then ordered the Negro to get back to the pit and "go to work, you damn nigger," and while the Negro was "on his all-fours" trying to get to his feet, the guard gave him "two or three" blows on the back of the head with "brass knucks," knocking him back into the pit, where he lay until the trucks came to take the prisoners back to the County Farm at the close of the day's work, some fifty minutes later.

McCullough himself testified that he "walked over in the pit and picked up a clod and throwed it at him and hit him on his body, but that didn't do no good, so I throwed at him about five or six times: three clods, two rocks, and one stick about ten or twelve inches long."

When the trucks arrived to haul the prisoners back to the County Farm, Lambert was lifted up and placed in a truck that had board seats in it, but he kept slumping down as though unable to sit up, so the guards ordered him placed on the floor of the gravel dump-truck. Four prisoners lifted him out at the County Farm, and laid him on the grass, where he lay "kicking," and his eyes were "walled back in his head." McCullough attempted to make him get up, remarking that Lambert was just "sulking." Unable to arouse the Negro, McCullough ordered him taken into the washhouse. Hot water was first poured on him, then cold. Failing to arouse the Negro by this method, McCullough placed a lighted match under his arm, but, according to Bonner, "the hairs under there being so wet, the match went out"; then McCullough placed another lighted match under Lambert's nose. When he still failed to show signs of activity, other than "kicking like a dying chicken," as one witness graphically testified, McCullough went into the guard house and returned with a familiar County Farm object, the dreaded "bat." The "bat" is a piece of leather about three feet long and about two and one-half inches wide, attached to a wooden handle. McCullough admitted at his subsequent trial that he struck Lambert's naked body "two or three times" with this weapon.

Lambert was then dressed in clean clothes, taken out of the washhouse, and again placed upon the grass. There County Farm Superintendent J. M. Maggart, who happened along, saw the apparently lifeless form and drove at once to Waxahachie in search of a doctor. In his absence supper was announced and Lambert was carried into the combination kitchen and eating-room, where he lay on the floor. He neither talked nor moved, except for the groans and the spasmodic jerking already mentioned.

When Captain Ben B. Black, burly sixty-one-year-old guard, came downstairs after locking the prisoners in the cell block he proceeded to "work on" Lambert, demanding that he "get up and go on to bed." When the Negro did not move, Black began beating his feet, legs, and body with a broom handle. Still unsuccessful, he yelled at one of the Negro cooks to bring him a bucket of water, and, according to the cook, poured water into the Negro's mouth, all the time cursing him and saying he hoped it would drown him.

After ordering a few Negro prisoners to come down and carry Lambert upstairs, Black gave his victim "ten or twelve kicks" on the side of the head with a heavy, thick-soled work brogan, with sufficient force, as one of the white witnesses testified, to "make it pop."

The Negroes placed Lambert on his bunk at about seven o'clock. At half-past seven Dr. W. F. West, county health officer, sent by Maggart, arrived to examine the Negro. Dr. West testified that because he had no light except a flash by which to examine the Negro he "could not properly diagnose the case," but he did find that Lambert's pulse was weak and his respiration slow. Soon after he left, Dr. W. B. Jackson, also of Waxahachie, came to "see about" the Negro. He reported that the man was dying. After the doctors left, according to one of the Negro prisoners, Lambert "suffered on for about an hour—and then he died."

Early Sunday morning the guards with several of the convicts went out and started digging the grave to bury Lambert. Maggart asked permission of County Judge C. C. Randle to bury the Negro, but Randle refused permission until after he had investigated the cause of death, because "there seemed to be quite a hurry for burial."

On Monday a post-mortem was performed on the body of the Negro by three physicians. They found that Lambert was "beaten all over his body—front, back, feet, legs, and head." The skull bore external evidence of three severe bruises, one in the front, one in the back, and one on the right side in the temporal region above the right ear. When the skull was removed, the doctors found that the brain was bloodshot, swollen, bruised, and congested, and on the right side a piece of the brain had been torn loose. They agreed that any one of three blows, separately, *could* and *would* have killed Lambert; and that all together they *did* kill Lambert, and that the whippings and beatings, by shock, had materially contributed to his death. Dr. Jackson specifically testified that either one of the several skull-crushing blows on the Negro's head inflicted that Saturday would have para-

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lyzed him and robbed him of speech and the power of locomotion.

On May 20 a jury selected from a special venire of two hundred men found McCullough "guilty of murder with malice aforethought"—and assessed his punishment at fifteen years in the state penitentiary. A little more than a month later another jury found Black "guilty of murder without malice aforethought," and gave him five years.

Pending appeal to a higher court McCullough is out on bond of $5,000. Black's attorneys made a formal application for new trial, but the motion has not yet been ruled upon. He also is out on $5,000 bond.

The unprovoked torture and murder of Cedel Lambert, a penniless transient, shocked responsible Texas citizens. The great majority of the community's population condemn not only the gruesome act, but also the penal system that perpetuates such barbaric methods of prison treatment. With both perpetrators of the murder of Lambert at liberty, it remains to be seen whether the temporary indignation will serve to bring about a change.

Can a Jew Be a Fascist?

BY LUDWIG LORE

NOT long ago an exhibit of Spanish Loyalist posters by a Jewish organization gave rise to a heated discussion as to the propriety of Jews "taking sides." There was a strong feeling that while as a racial group they must fight Hitlerism in self-defense, fascism in other countries should be judged on its own merits, without racial or religious prejudice.

The vigor with which Jewish organizations in this and other countries fight German Nazism has made fascism and anti-Semitism almost synonymous concepts in the public mind. The Jews themselves have almost forgotten that as a racial unit they were for a long time indifferent to, even tolerant of, the horrors with which Mussolini brought fascism into the world back in 1922. Up to the coming of Hitler opinion on fascism was clearly divided along class lines. Labor was violently anti-fascist, while capitalist and middle-class elements either lauded the Duce's "new order" or ignored it as a specifically Italian manifestation. That was true of Jew and Gentile alike.

In line with this attitude certain Jewish financiers and industrialists in Germany contributed to Hitler's campaigns in the early thirties with the idea of checking the growth of Communist and Socialist strength. A small group of German Jewish Nationalists supporting Hitler even condoned his fight against the "Eastern Jews" at a time when thousands of Jews were fleeing across Germany's borders from the Nazi scourge. Austrian Jews, in so far as they did not belong to the labor movement, looked to Mussolini to save them from Nazi anti-Semitism, and many Italian Jews for years gave undivided devotion to the fascist regime.

That period is definitely past. Recent events leave the Jew no choice, now that Italy, the last of the fascist and semi-fascist countries to hold out against official anti-Semitism, has accepted a "race credo" placing the Italian Jew beyond the pale.

Fascist anti-Semitism will differ from country to country. It will be fundamental to fascist practice in all those countries whose fascist movements derive from the National Socialism of Hitler—in Czechoslovakia, the Netherlands, Rumania, where the Iron Guard is ferociously anti-Semitic, the Scandinavian, the Baltic, and most of the Balkan countries. In France, Austria, Portugal, Hungary, and Spain, in all of which the fascist movements are spiritual children of Mussolini, anti-Semitism will be incidental and subject to political and economic influences. In the Austria of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, for instance, restrictions were imposed on Jews as a matter of economic policy, that is, Jews were removed from public and private office and driven out of professional life because there were Aryans who needed jobs. In near-authoritarian Hungary Bela Imredy reduced the employment of Jews to a minimum without imposing political or social restrictions. In France the program adopted by the Parti Populaire Français of the ex-Communist Jacques Doriot on May 6 of this year calls for a special code of citizenship for French Jews, who "as aliens in our nation have shown a persistent unwillingness to assimilate," while Colonel de la Rocque's Parti Social calls for the "elimination of Jewish competition in business" but without prejudice to political equality. In fascist Portugal, with barely 10,000 Jews, anti-Semitism has been purely economic, though of late a strong movement against Jewish immigration has produced a marked tendency toward political discrimination against the Portuguese Jew as well. In Spain Franco, who not so long ago sharply disclaimed racial aims, has become increasingly receptive to anti-Semitic influences.

In the early years of his movement Mussolini denied that fascism was based on a definite theoretical concept. Unlike socialism and communism, in which hypothesis preceded action, Italian fascism was a spontaneous re-

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action to momentary conditions. It was not until after he had seized power that Mussolini pretended he was following a definite political theory. In his contribution to the "Encyclopaedia Italiana," which appeared in 1932, the Duce describes this inverted development of the fascist idea as follows: "When the Fascist Revolutionary Party was created, I had no specific doctrinal attitude in mind. Not until later did I endeavor to invent a theory in order to justify its existence. Fascism developed as a movement of practice, in the conditions of threatening proletarian revolution. . . ."

Having no basic philosophy, fascism appeared in different guises in the various states where it gained control. But certain characteristics are common and fundamental to fascism in every country: the principle of dictatorship and consequently the negation of democracy; the suppression of trade unionism; extreme militarism; supernationalism; and strong imperialistic tendencies.

Much as these attributes may outrage our democratic sensibilities, there is no reason why Jews especially should resent and fight them—and in general they have not. The Jews of Italy followed the birth and development of the fascist movement with outspoken sympathy. Italy's 40,000 Semitic citizens belonged almost exclusively to the upper and middle classes. They were intellectuals, merchants, and executives in large Italian business houses. There were numerous Jews in public service—among them Fulvio Suvich, now ambassador to the United States—and there are still several Jewish generals in the Italian army. Jews in other countries often bemoaned the fact that Italian Semites made no contribution to a specific Jewish culture, that they were totally lacking in the sense of "Jewish responsibility." There seemed, therefore, not the slightest reason for apprehension of possible anti-Semitic developments in Italy, where there had been no anti-Semitism worthy of the name for more than half a century.

Nevertheless, there were attacks on Jewish citizens during the days of the fascist "revolution"—not serious, but sufficient to move Mussolini to the declaration that such manifestations were to cease. In 1923 he again warned his followers that he "would not tolerate insane race persecution and ludicrous race 'principles' as long as he was head of the country," and he had occasion to repeat this warning in 1925 and 1926. When the party excluded Jews from the governing majority in the Chamber of Deputies, he appointed two Jews to his Council of Advisers, the "Solons" of fascist Italy, and he opened the doors of the Italian universities to foreign Jews who were refused a higher education in their own fatherlands. In 1932 Mussolini, referring to an article in which the Italo-Jewish *Israel* complained that twenty-seven out of every hundred Jewish girls had married Catholic men in the preceding four years, remarked: "These figures are proof that Italy has no anti-Semitic movement. Every Italian will welcome this increasing frequency of mixed marriages as a favorable indication of the absolute, legal, juridical, political, and moral equality of the Italian people."

But even dictators are sometimes victims of their own movements. Il Duce closed his eyes when his Minister of Public Education imposed restrictions on Jewish students; when influential Jews objected, he told them to "make their own schools." He remained passive while the Jews were crowded out of one position after another in the public service. New difficulties arose in the spring of 1929, when Mussolini finally made his peace with the Holy See in the Lateran Accord. Italy once more became a "Catholic nation" with "education to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Catholicism." This practically eliminated Jews from the teaching profession, though as taxpayers they had to contribute to the maintenance of the Catholic church.

But it was not until Hitler's coming to power in Germany that anti-Semitic elements in Italy really became menacing. In 1932 and 1933 there were mob attacks on Jews in a number of Italian towns, but neither the Fascist Party nor the Duce paid any attention to them. By 1936 the movement was under way in real earnest. On September 13 of that year the International News Service cabled from Rome:

> The Italian press suddenly launched an anti-Jewish campaign on Saturday. In the first openly anti-Semitic declaration to appear in the official Italian press in years, the newspaper *Regime Fascista,* edited by former Secretary General of the Fascist Party and at present member of the Fascist Grand Council Roberto Farinacci, called upon all Italian Jews to "prove their loyalty to the Fascist Party by openly supporting our friends in the Nazi Party of Germany. We must confess that the Jews of Italy, who are a minority, have intrigued in a thousand ways to gain posts in the world of Italian finance, economics, and schools. . . . Why have they not uttered a single word which might persuade Italians they are fulfilling their duties as citizens for love, not for profit or fear? Why do they not demonstrate in some tangible way that they desire to break away from all the rest of the Jews in the world whose ideal is the triumph of the Jewish International? Why do they attack our friend Adolf Hitler and his great organization? There is a growing impression that Europe will be in the fever of a war of religion. Are they not aware of this? We are certain many will cry: 'We are fascist Jews.' This is insufficient until they have given mathematical proof they are first fascists and then Jews."

During the Anglo-Italian negotiations there was a marked increase in Italian anti-Jewish propaganda. *Il Popolo d'Italia,* Mussolini's mouthpiece and property, printed vicious attacks on "the Jew" Léon Blum and

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other Jewish statesmen. On March 30, 1937, *Il Tevere* of Rome attacked the Jews as being "in conflict with Italy's destiny" and accused them of showing an attitude of revolt in the intellectual world and of usurping the arts and professions. On April 10 a special dispatch to the New York *Times* reported:

> The newspaper *Tevere,* which has always occupied a prominent place in the anti-Jewish campaigns, gives a whole page to what purports to be the completest existing list of Italian Jewish surnames. . . . This move does not stand as an isolated instance of animosity against Jews, but must be judged in relation to other attacks for which the Italian press has been responsible. . . . It is noticeable that even newspapers that have not actively attacked Jews recently have adopted the practice of using such headlines for news dispatches as the "Jew Stalin" or the "Jew Trotsky" does this or the other thing. . . . It cannot be denied that Jewish communities in Italy are beginning to be seriously worried. . . .

On May 25 *Il Popolo d'Italia* published an article by Oreste Gregorian which called upon the Jews of Italy to declare their enmity toward international Hebrewism and to give their manifestations a simple and religious character, or to renounce their Italian citizenship. On June 2 *La Stampa* of Turin demanded the dissolution or radical transformation of Jewish settlements within the Italian Empire as being too sympathetic to England. On November 3, 1937, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency reported:

> A new and popular-priced edition of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," discredited record of a purported Jewish plot for world domination, was published here today. In a foreword the claim is asserted that the "Protocols" are genuine and prove the Jews planned to dominate the world.

On February 9, 1938, the United Press reported from Rome:

> Italy's anti-Semitic movement, which has been making rapid progress since the conclusion of the Italo-German alliance, will assume an even more official character tomorrow with the appearance of the first issue of a weekly *Giornalissimo,* dedicated to an anti-Jewish policy.

And on the same day a staff correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* cabled:

> Signs that fascism seriously contemplates following in the footsteps of German National Socialism in a purge of Jewish elements in Italy are seen in certain measures recently directed against Jews by Fascist authorities. Italian publishers have been strictly forbidden to publish in book form the translations of any work written by foreign Jews. No books by Italian-Jewish authors may be published in Italy without special permission from the authorities. Moreover, no Jew, whether Italian or foreign, will be allowed to radiocast from Italian radio stations. No plays by foreign or Italian Jews will be given in Italian theaters. . . . These measures have not been made public, but have been in force for some time. Other measures of even sterner character are believed to be in preparation.

On March 7, 1938, the International News Service released a cable from Rome which said that an "alliance of the Nazi and Fascist parties—not the German and Italian states—is expected to be proclaimed. The working agreement will represent the spiritual and political activity announced to the world by der Führer and Il Duce. The difference of opinion on the attitude toward anti-Semitism will, the leaders believe, be overcome easily. . . ."

Italian Jewry tried to combat this wave of hostility by demonstrating its loyalty to the fascist government in every possible way. Jewish leaders urged their co-religionists to abstain from all semblance of political activity. They pointed to the fact that large numbers of Jews had volunteered in the Ethiopian war, that the Union of Jewish Committees had appealed to all Jews to offer their gold and silver for the country's war needs. The Chief Rabbi of Rome delivered the golden key of the Ark of the Covenant and a large silver candlestick from the Roman synagogue to the secretary of the Fascist Party as an expression of Jewish loyalty. The Union of Jewish Committees sent a delegation to Ethiopia to investigate conditions and organize Jewish communities. They called the attention of the government to the fact that thousands of Italy's Jewish subjects in its Mediterranean colonial dominions are solid props of its colonial power and an important factor in the program of imperial defense. On June 14, 1937, a conference called at Florence to discuss measures to be taken against the anti-Jewish campaign pledged allegiance to fascism, renounced Zionism as a political faith, and condemned the "transformation of Palestine into a British stronghold."

The question of Zionism has become an important factor in Italy's attitude toward its Jewish citizens. Fascist leaders look askance at Zionist activities. They resent them as enhancing British prestige and insist that Zionism must bring those who advocate it into conflict with Italy's interests on the African continent. It is a moot question, indeed, whether the necessity of bolstering up the Rome-Berlin axis could have influenced Mussolini's attitude toward the Jew as much as it unquestionably did if these Anglo-Italian antagonisms had not paved the way.

It has been said that Italian anti-Semitism is a gesture of defiance in the direction of the anti-fascist democracies. There may be something in this contention. Far more important is the fact that Hitler's inhuman persecution of the Jews of Germany and Austria has brought

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with it an awakening of Jewish nationalism in all parts of the world. Italy's Jews are finding it difficult to conceal their condemnation of German racialism and their accord with anti-Nazi opinion, and they were anything but enthusiastic when it became apparent that Mussolini was veering toward an Italo-German alliance. From this secret rebellion against Mussolini's foreign policy to rebellion against all fascist oppression was a natural step. Italian intellectuals have been growing increasingly critical. The Italian press complains that they are leaving Italy in large numbers and are attacking their native land in foreign publications.

Can the Jews in fascist states be relied upon to stand by fascism in the coming struggle against world democracy? Fascism and super-nationalism are inseparable concepts. Fascist policies are aggressive, imperialist politics, and there is always the danger that they will lead to war. A dictatorship at war, however, demands a high degree of national homogeneity and instinctively resents the alien. It is inevitable that he will be expelled from the composite body of the nation's citizenship when the force of nationalist madness begins to do its work.

Recent happenings in Italy bear out this contention. Economic conditions have reached a serious crisis, and Italy's part in the Spanish war has brought much latent dissatisfaction to the surface. In the last two years thirty-two intellectuals have been sentenced for plotting against the state, of whom seven were Jews. Pope Pius points to the danger that is inherent in all fascist relationships in his sharp attacks on the "exaggerated nationalism" involved in the new Italian "racism." Fascism must destroy the church, the labor movement, and the Jew because each represents a force outside its control. Sooner or later every fascist dictator must face the fact that international loyalties, in whatever guise they may present themselves, are incompatible with the existence of the authoritarian state.

Italian anti-Semitism will differ somewhat from the anti-Semitism of the Germans. It will not be as thorough. The wealthy Jew will probably escape many of the restrictions that will be imposed on other members of his race. For the intellectual, the professional, and the small business man, on the other hand, Italian fascism holds out no hope. They will be crushed under the wheels of the great authoritarian regime.

On the Jews in democratic states Italy's treachery imposes a solemn obligation. They must abandon all pretense of neutrality. They must recognize that there can be no truce with fascist nationalism and must accept the consequences of this recognition. There is no place for the Jew in a fascist world.

A Cigarette by Any Name—

BY HELEN WOODWARD

THE most desperate copywriters in the advertising business are those who have to write about cigarettes. What can they say? Tests have shown that hardly anyone can distinguish one brand of cigarette from another.

A few years ago there was a lively campaign advertising Old Gold cigarettes. It was hugely successful for a while, because it gave the public a chance to play a game. The customer did not merely read about the cigarette. He played a part. The theme was that, blindfolded, you could distinguish an Old Gold from other cigarettes. Everywhere people tied handkerchiefs over their eyes while they took puffs of Chesterfields, Old Golds, Luckies, and Camels. But there was a queer kickback. Most smokers were surprised to find that they couldn't recognize their own favorite brand and couldn't tell it from any of the others. John B. Watson, the psychologist, then with the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, made tests and said that it was impossible for people to distinguish one cigarette from another. *Fortune* says you can't win a cigarette market on taste alone—that no brand ever has. The chief reason why even tobacco experts have the greatest difficulty in recognizing the popular brands is that it isn't the tobacco that is static in popular cigarettes but the flavoring, which in most cases is so strong that it kills the taste of the tobacco used.

But though the campaign had this kickback, it enormously increased the number of users of Old Gold cigarettes. Anyway, the public forgets fast, and once again nearly everybody thinks he can smoke only one brand of cigarette. A few brands are union-made, but many people of ardent union sympathies don't smoke them because of this illusion about pet brands.

In 1935 the American Tobacco Company spent $12,115,180 advertising Lucky Strike cigarettes. Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, advertising Chesterfields, spent $21,103,290, and R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, on Camels, $16,801,448. With the exception of the General Motors Company, these are the biggest advertisers in America. Add Old Gold, and the four companies spent about $52,000,000 in 1936 in newspapers,

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magazines, the radio. Now imagine yourself a copywriter trying to think up ideas good enough to spend fifty million dollars on, and with nothing whatever to say. Naturally some of the most ridiculous advertising of the last few years has been that of cigarettes.

Nevertheless, we must not underestimate the importance of the copywriter's work in the cigarette business, which grew huge almost altogether through advertising. The war helped of course. After all wars there has been a great increase in smoking. But advertising clinched what the war began, and did one of its biggest jobs in building up cigarette sales.

In the beginning of this century "real men" smoked cigars; only sissies, foreigners, and an occasional fast woman smoked cigarettes. All cigarettes, except Fatimas, were either American or Turkish. It was about 1913 that it occurred to the R. J. Reynolds Company to mix Turkish and domestic tobacco, and the result was a Camel. The taste of this mixed cigarette pleased the public and has become the basis of most American popular cigarettes. This typical blend is: bright tobacco from Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas, 55 per cent; burley from Kentucky, 25 per cent; Turkish, 15 per cent; fast-burning Maryland, 5 per cent. To this mixture are added licorice, brown sugar, herbs, maple sugar, and honey. But these pleasant ingredients do not flavor the cigarette. They are used for treating the tobacco. The flavor is added afterward. The basis of flavoring is rum, but it may also contain chocolate, vanilla, tonka, coumarin, sherry, peach, orange, geranium, and angelica. There are, however, several brands of unflavored cigarettes.

Up to 1913 America consumed about four billion cigarettes a year. In 1915, when Camels appeared, sales jumped to fifteen billion. By 1936 the figure had reached 163 billion. This is about sixty-five packages a year for every man, woman, and child in the United States. By 1917, when the United States went into the war, Camels were the largest-selling cigarette in the United States. During the war they won literally an army of new customers. The government made a ruling that cigarette purchases for the army should be in proportion to the already existing sale of a brand. That sent plenty of Camels to Europe and turned the army into Camel smokers. After the war millions kept it up, if only as a sentimental memory of those lovely days in the trenches. "I'd Walk a Mile for a Camel" became a national catchword.

The first Camel advertising showed pictures of camels on the desert with the slogan, "The Camels are coming." This was to indicate the Turkish content. Both the name and the pictures of camels have become old-fashioned. At the present time the advertising emphasizes Camels' "costlier tobaccos" and says that they are made from more expensive tobaccos than any other popular brand. But how can we tell and why should we care, when the flavoring drowns the taste of the tobacco?

For several years Camels have been advertised as something of a patent medicine. They "give you a lift," or "they don't get your wind," or you smoke them "for digestion's sake." It has worked. In the year 1936 Camels sold 30 per cent of the 163 billion cigarettes smoked in the United States. I defy anybody to prove that any cigarette improves digestion, except, of course, that the cigarette you smoke after a meal may make you sit still for a few minutes instead of dashing off immediately. But you do "get a lift with a Camel." Of course you also get it with any other cigarette. What happens is that the first cigarette you smoke irritates the adrenal glands. They shoot adrenalin into the system and cause an increase of blood sugar, which makes you feel more lively. Each succeeding cigarette has less of the same effect until you get the natural reaction in that familiar leaden feeling which comes from smoking too much.

Women seem to like Lucky Strikes better than other brands. Perhaps "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet" had something to do with the preference, or perhaps the toasting idea appeals to women because they understand it. Or can it be because Lucky Strike advertising has been louder than that of any other cigarette? "Lucky Strike advertising," reported *Fortune* in March, 1930, "has certainly been the most alarming, sensational—and most subversive. The advertising has been divided into four copy angles—'Toasting'; 'Anti-Sweet'; 'Ancient Prejudice'; 'Double-Chin.' "

The idea behind the first was that through toasting, the cigarette was freed of throat-irritating qualities. As the result of this appeared the rash of testimonials. Yet I wonder if any reader believes that Lauritz Melchior finds a Lucky gentle on his throat because "it's toasted." It's fantastic. All cigarette tobacco has to be toasted. But the toasting idea caught on.

The anti-sweet campaign, however, was the best Luckies seller. George Washington Hill, president of the company, saw a fat woman eating candy and got the idea for "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet." This was a deplorable idea if a perfectly honest one, because cigarettes destroy the appetite for food. The same chemical reaction which gives you a lift from a Camel by increasing your blood sugar also decreases your hunger. As the blood sugar increases, you need less food. Many busy men and more busy women smoke a hasty cigarette when they are hungry and can't get food, and find temporary satisfaction.

According to *Fortune* for March, 1935, "sugar men, candy men, and Senator Smoot protested. The campaign was made a focal point for an attack on testimonials in general, and accusations that youth was being misled. Mr. Hill had the curious notion that by stirring up so much discussion of sweets, he was really aiding the sale and distribution of sugar products." About that time the Federal Trade Commission "persuaded an unnamed

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tobacco manufacturer to 'cease and desist' from unfair competitive methods, and particularly from testimonials in their more artificial form and from two specific statements regarding cigarettes and avoirdupois." Since the public could no longer "Reach for a Lucky," another slant had to be thought up, and a campaign about double chins followed, also based on weight reduction.

Luckies were the first to use testimonials, but the others followed suit. Most testimonials are silly, and apparently an amazing number of them come from people who never smoke at all. But Luckies got perhaps the biggest bag when they signed up ten Senators. You've seen photographs of Senator Reynolds of North Carolina and others boasting that Luckies are good for their throats. The Lucky Strike people paid $1,000 apiece for these boosts from Senators. For movie stars they pay six times as much, $5,000 to the actor and $1,000 to the studio.

The Chesterfield advertising with its simple statement, "They Satisfy," may seem pretty pointless, but it has also sold its billions and it is much the most dignified of the four. Everything about Chesterfield is kept looking pure and neutral. The white package looks cool. The advertising is spacious and quiet. Of course there are nonsensical commendations.

The best-remembered Old Gold slogan is "Not a Cough in a Carload." This is really a masterpiece of a slogan—it has rhythm and ring and bulk. In 1936 Old Gold offered prizes of $40,000 to those who could put a name to a series of pictures. This caused so much excitement that they followed it in 1937 with a $250,000 contest, this one merely for some amateur advertising copy. In the first contest two million people sent in 90,000,000 Old Gold wrappers. Thousands of correct solutions were sent in. These solvers were given a second contest. So many got the second right that they were put through a third, and then at last the prizes were distributed for an essay. You can imagine how many soreheads there were among these people. The suits of disgruntled solvers are still in the courts. This did not do Old Gold much good in 1938. The actual number of extra packages sold was almost the same as the number of wrappers turned in at the contest—about 90,000,000. Altogether this first contest cost $2,000,000. In short, it didn't pay. In the trade it is believed that in 1937 Old Gold spent half as much as Camels for advertising and selling, yet sold only one-sixth as many cigarettes.

In Spud cigarettes menthol is used as a flavoring. This use of menthol made Spuds almost a new cigarette, and a popular one. There was considerable advertising with a steady increase in sales. But for some reason the advertising stopped for a while, and Kool, a similar cigarette, began to advertise. Immediately the sales of Spuds dropped and those of Kools climbed up. Since then the Spud campaign has grown steadily smaller while Kool's has grown larger, and the sales have gone along with the advertising. There seems to be no difference between these two cigarettes; the one that advertises most gets the business.

And now we come to a sad disappointment—the diethylene-glycol notion which burst in the face of Philip Morris. One of the toughest problems in cigarettes is trying to keep them fresh and moist. Even in the sealed package they get stale and dry on the dealers' shelves. A cigarette, by the way, is moister at the beginning of a smoke than at the end. Glycerine is the agent used to help keep cigarettes fresh. But glycerine is drying to the throat. Philip Morris, with the help of a number of chemists, got hold of a substitute—diethylene-glycol, which when smoked is less drying to the throat than glycerine.

Philip Morris was so convinced about this that it advertised its new ingredient, not to the public, but to doctors and chemists. Ads in the *Journal of the American Dental Association,* in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* in *Engineering Chemistry,* told the story. These reached about half the doctors and dentists in the country, and the company handed out as many free packages as the doctors would take. Papers and charts prepared by its own chemists were also sent out.

And then after all this scientific folderol had been going on for a year or so, a story broke in the newspapers about deaths from diethylene mixed with sulfanilamide. The public memory for names, especially such long technical names, is weak. It might easily have jumped on diethylene-glycol used in Philip Morris cigarettes and forgotten the fact that it had not been mixed with sulfanilamide; also that the medicine had been taken internally, not smoked. The diethylene really did the cigarettes no harm, nor did it hurt the people who smoked them. But the advertising might have done Philip Morris considerable damage. Its one good break in the whole affair was that it had never advertised the diethylene-glycol idea to the public. Whatever the doctors thought of all this, the customers knew nothing of it, and sales went up, partly because of shrewd merchandising and partly because Philip Morris has a dwarf on the pay roll who keeps telling radio audiences to "Call for Philip Morris."

The stupendous rise in cigarette sales is gratifying to advertising men. But less pleasing is that of the ten-cent brands, which have galloped along with practically no advertising at all. In 1931 the president of R. J. Reynolds had said, "Camels will not be disconcerted by the advance of a competitor so long as advertising is mainly responsible for it; but when a cigarette moves up without a maximum of advertising we will take serious notice." I imagine they were thoroughly disconcerted by the next year's developments.

For a long time there had been ten-cent brands, but

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they hadn't cut any figure. In 1931, in the depths of the depression, the price of raw tobacco declined to its lowest since 1914. Although the price of tobacco was so low, Lucky Strike, Camel, Chesterfield, and Old Gold, all raised their prices 45 cents a hundred, wholesale. This was followed by an immediate decrease in sales. Nobody had any money, tobacco was cheap, and yet the Big Four raised their prices.

Some of the smaller manufacturers began to push a ten-cent package. The sale of cigarette papers and "makings" went up, but people not quite up against it preferred the ten-cent package. Among the leaders were Paul Jones, Wings ("Cut out ballyhoo and fancy packing and let the public have what it wants . . . a good smoke"), and Twenty Grand (by the makers of Spuds).

On Big Four cigarettes the jobber and the dealer split a profit of less than two cents a package. But the ten-centers made a lower price to the dealer, so he came out all right. The ten-centers went zooming along. And then in 1933 the Big Four started a tremendous price-slashing campaign, and the big chains like the A. and P. were selling Luckies, Camels, Chesterfields, and Old Golds at ten cents a package. No doubt that hurt the ten-centers, but it left the dealer without any profit on the Big Four cigarettes.

Since then, thinking that the ten-centers have been pushed back a bit or perhaps finding that the dealer has to have a little profit, the Big Four have raised their prices again until their cigarettes sell for thirteen cents a package in the big chains. But the sale of ten-cent cigarettes keeps right on. *Barron's* financial weekly estimates that their production runs as high as 18 billion a year, which would be about 11 per cent of 1937 cigarette production.

From the point of view of what pays in advertising, it is interesting to look at these figures of sales in the United States, published by the Chicago *Tribune* from Media Records, Inc.:

	Per Cent 1935	*Per Cent 1931*
Lucky Strike	23.8	39.3
Camel	27.5	29.1
Chesterfield	26.7	21.7
Old Gold	4.3	6.7
All others	17.7	3.2

If nothing influences these returns except advertising, it would seem that Lucky Strike and Old Gold advertising hasn't been so effective, Camel has been good enough, Chesterfield has been excellent. But it would be a mistake to draw any such conclusion, because all these figures may be changed this year or next. And there is another fact which upsets everything: Wings, which does no advertising, but sells for ten cents a package, has fifth place in cigarette sales.

In the Wind

WHEN HERBERT HOOVER visited Germany last winter he was a guest at Goering's hunting lodge. The setting was lavish and ostentatious, and on the center of the dining-room table Mr. Hoover saw a bizarre figure of a woman's head. It was life-size, gold in color, and adorned with a necklace and earrings. As Hoover stared at the figure, Goering announced with pride: "That necklace is of real pearls; those earrings are real rubies; the whole head is solid gold." He concluded: "That was my first wife."

THE CONCEALED link between the "Committee on Mexican Relations" and the anti-Mexican American oil companies has been previously described here. But several weeks ago newspaper editors received Volume I, Number 1 of a bitterly anti-Mexican bulletin issued by the pseudo-committee from Rockefeller Center and called *Looking at Mexico.* The same source and heading appeared on the next two issues. When Volume I, Number 4 of *Looking at Mexico* appeared, it had abandoned the "committee's" sponsorship and listed "Northrop Clary" as its source—with its office address unchanged. The following week appeared Volume I, Number 5. This time neither the "committee" nor Northrop Clarey was mentioned; the source was boldly stated as the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION gave Japan $2,000,000 to build a medical center. Recently the foundation received a note from the Japanese government complaining that the sum was inadequate because costs had risen. The letter asked for an additional $200,000, as a gesture of "American friendship for Japan."

THE PRESS missed a vital story contained in a recent report from the United States consul at Milan to the Department of the Interior. According to this report, Italy faces a critical power shortage because of a prolonged drought. A secret warning was sent in May to large consumers of electricity advising them to cut their consumption by 25 per cent; meanwhile increased use of coal and oil to produce electric power requires large-scale imports of these fuels and threatens Italy's whole autarchy program. Wide sections of industrial production may be undermined.

A RECENTLY established "Bureau of Race Research" in Berlin is empowered to grant the title and privileges of "Honorary Aryan" to certain non-Aryans whose services are valuable to the German economy. When a candidate appears, the board studies the length of his nose, breadth of his face, quality of his hair, and shape of his hands; it probes his views on philosophy, love, and other matters. Unless he proves flagrantly ineligible, he is then proclaimed an "Honorary Aryan." One of the bureau's subsidiary functions is to silence whispering campaigns.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WRITING in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Demaree Bess declares that what we are facing in Manchuria today is "the concealed war." This is the latest device of the nations. We have had the undeclared war for some time in China. In Spain we have the unadmitted war, an international war that is not an international war but just happens to include some 100,000 or more troops of some foreign countries accidentally dropping in merely to oblige a good friend. But in this article of Mr. Bess's we learn that the concealed war is on. Never was there a more timely publication, since the fighting between the Russians and Japanese on the Manchoukuoan frontier is the big news of the day. Mr. Bess says:

> This is only one of several new and novel types of war which have been presented recently by ingenious designers. It is an improvement on the earlier types of undeclared wars which ushered in a new era in international conflicts. Its appearance, like other revolutionary innovations, has upset earlier techniques and thrown into confusion all those concerned with the making of war and peace, including statesmen, politicians, reformers, and newspaper correspondents.

Mr. Bess insists that Russia has been fighting Japan since the summer of 1936, if not longer. He believes that this streamlined war has created a new type of successful reporter who goes around "collecting trivial bits of information here and there, sorts them out and fits them together like a picture puzzle, and suddenly announces triumphantly: 'Yes, a war exists!' That's the way to make scoops nowadays." Mr. Bess thinks that some historians will probably decide that the second Russo-Japanese war started in 1931, when the Japanese took Manchuria, but that a few may fix on 1935 as the beginning. He himself, after watching the affair for the past fourteen years, at first in the Far East and then in Moscow, believes that the war started in the late summer of 1936. He thinks that the German-Japanese agreement, which developed into the Berlin-Tokyo-Rome axis, and the first public trial of prominent Communists in Russia on charges of treason marked the beginning of the war. What is happening now is merely another phase of the struggle, which certainly looks like war when one reads of Russian bombers flying over Manchuria and being shot down by Japanese guns.

Yet the press of the world is so far unwilling to concede that a full-dress war is at hand. In the first place there is the greatest doubt as to the condition of the Russian army as a result of the purges. Some time ago I wrote to a German officer of considerable rank whose friendship I have enjoyed all my life, to ask him what he felt was the situation in the Russian army as a result of the purges. He replied that it seemed to them in Berlin that the western Russian army was badly shaken in its morale by the loss of its favorite generals, but that it appeared at that time as if the Siberian army of Blücher had not been affected by what had happened in Moscow. Mr. Bess seems to take a different view. If he is right, if the Siberian army is somewhat demoralized, that would be another reason why Russia, even at the risk of losing face, might well afford to let the Japanese encroach on its territory for a while. As for the Japanese, it is hard to understand how they can contemplate taking on Russia unless they are bent on national suicide, unless they feel that they are defeated in China and prefer to go down fighting against overwhelming odds so as to save as much of their face as they can in that way.

That is not impossible. I knew quite well Baron Kantaro Kaneko, the Japanese financial representative in the United States during the first Russo-Japanese war. When it was over I asked him whether the Japanese had any idea that the Russian fleet was so absolutely incompetent, and whether they had expected that they would defeat the great Russian armies. He replied that they had not known the weakness of the Russian fleet or had any idea that they could defeat the Russian army. "Then why did you go to war with Russia?" "Because under Bushido, our Japanese code of honor, we could do nothing else but fight whether we were to conquer or be conquered." It is quite possible that something of the same spirit might drive the Japanese into the folly of taking on Russia at this time. It seems as if it would be suicide unless they believe that the Russian army is totally demoralized. All military men, however, believe that the Russian air corps is the finest in Europe, and it is hard to see how Japan could possibly court an attack on Tokyo from the base at Vladivostok, about 500 miles away.

It is true that a high Russian authority assured me some time ago that in the event of war the Russians would not strike at Tokyo but at cities like Osaka, where there are great munitions factories. He added grimly: "If Japan forces us to go to war we shall not stop until there is a soviet in every Japanese city." It would certainly seem as if the Japanese ought to be absolutely certain of success before they take on Russia, provided they are sincere in their desire to stop communism.

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PURGING THE VIENNA STAGE

BY HENRY B. KRANZ

WHAT might have been expected actually happened. Hardly had the German troops marched into Vienna when the ignoramuses marched into the theaters in mass formation. They had no other claim than their long secret membership in the Nazi Party. Yet they preened themselves as though they alone had the mystic power to put new life into a stage which had dry-rotted under Schuschnigg's pseudo-dictatorship.

Their success was to be foreseen. In five years the Nazis in Germany had run its 250 theaters into the ground so thoroughly that only 141 municipal and state theaters and thirty-two privately owned theaters were able to raise a curtain. The others had gone gently to their eternal rest. Even these 173 theaters went on living only because of a public subsidy which accounted for three-fifths of their income. In other words, out of every thousand marks which these theaters took in, only four hundred came from the box office; the other six hundred were handed them out of tax money. It is obvious that without this government assistance there would not now be fifty theaters open in Germany.

Austria, which is now being called "Ostmark," is facing the same theatrical doom. Everything points to it. In the middle of March Hermann Roebbeling, the capable and successful director of the Burgtheater in Vienna, was dismissed even though he was born in Hamburg and was a full-blooded Aryan. His place was taken by Mirko Jelusich. The name is Croat, not German, and the man had proved his fitness for running a theater by writing novels which have not the remotest connection with literature, but which do purport to be his confession of faith in a "heroic, national philosophy."

What plans did the new field marshal of the Austrian stage unfold? He said:

> The theater will once more become an ensemble theater. We can have no more stars in such a fount of the great tradition of universal German culture. The emphasis in the production of the great classicists as well as modern authors will no longer be on technical tricks, lighting effects, exaggerated scenic display, but on the things the actor does. He, the author's mouthpiece, will dominate the scene with word and gesture. I have also canceled two-thirds of the plays scheduled by my predecessor. The audiences of German Vienna will become acquainted with authors many of whose names they will not know. In spite of their success in the Reich they were rejected by the former government. I will mention only Blunck, Forster, Eberl, Wolf, Kolbenheyer, Moeller, and Bethge among others. I will watch over the destinies of the Burgtheater as steward for the entire German people, and bring it back to the theater it once was, as the representative guardian of the German dramatic art in German Vienna.

Magnificent words! The Nazis think they can commandeer authors and the stage as though they were soldiers. Above all, they thought that the Viennese were accustomed to go to the theater at the word of command. But this time they were mistaken. Only a month later, on April 17, the Viennese were astounded to read in all their newspapers the following "edict" by the vice-burgomaster of Vienna, Hans Blaschke:

> VIENNESE! COME TO THE THEATER!
>
> The great cultural mission which Vienna will once more fulfil in the German hegemony requires the remodeling of the Viennese stage whose great past looms as a legacy and a duty in these modern times. To bridge over the difficult transition from the aborted stage to the stage of the people, I beg the people of Vienna to heed the call of the theater and to give us a shining example of active racial cooperation in this field as well.

What had happened? The theatergoers saw that the Germans were forcing the Viennese out of all their positions, even in the theater. The plays they saw were completely unappetizing works by Berlin propagandists. So they began a strike. They stopped going to the theater. And there's no point in playing the most glorious "national masterpieces" to empty houses. So the Nazis descended from commanding to pleading.

But this also proved to be vain. Now, three months later, all the private theaters are closed. Only the state theaters are open. And it costs a pretty penny to keep them open. Art is notoriously hard to commandeer anywhere; in Vienna, which has mothered so many immortal composers and authors, it has proved to be quite impossible.

The saddest casualty of all is the decay of Reinhardt's theater in Josefstadt. The party installed there a certain Robert Valberg to succeed the great director. He is a second-rate actor who previously had tried to sing and dance in operetta with such complete failure that he had

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to be content with playing valets and secretaries on the speaking stage. Even there he proved that in spite of his gray hair he had not yet learned to talk.

Valberg's first act as director of the most famous theater in Europe was a new production of "Minna von Barnhelm." In spite of outstanding performances by Paula Wessely and Attila Hoerbiger it was a financial failure. No wonder, for the play is dusty and outmoded and has no connection with our exciting times.

He then reluctantly put on a French play, "The Journey," by Henri Bernstein. What did the press say? "This is a play which avoids all important problems, but can be tolerated in a transition period." Such criticism indicates what amounts to a state of revolution among the Vienna critics, since they are daring to voice an opinion of their own. (A law was passed in Germany November 26, 1936, prohibiting art criticism. The fact that a play has been permitted by the Ministry of Propaganda is held to be sufficient proof of its worth.)

Shortly after this, the Vienna People's Opera, which had played to standing room for two years, was in grave danger. Once more one was privileged to read a "heart-rending cry," this time from the "Leader of the National Socialist Industrial Cell," party member Hans Frauendienst.

> FELLOW GERMANS!
>
> The Vienna People's Opera has finally become the German People's Opera again. Consider it a national cultural duty to help, by your presence, this fount of art, from now on directed along National Socialist lines, and assure it a happy and prosperous future so that it may be preserved as one of your national treasures. Heil Hitler!

Once again the Viennese had refused to go on command to a theater where they were so bored they went to sleep. Once again the pleas of the party were in vain, and there was no response even when the theaters, on orders, reduced their prices to half, or even to a third or a quarter, of what they had been. The Viennese preferred the movies at thirty cents to the legitimate theaters at any price.

Neither Buch's harmless comedy "A Real Guy" nor the Ivers' crime comedy, "13 Park Street," availed to lure paying customers into the Deutsches Volkstheater. And Valberg, the dictator of Reinhardt's theater, was forced to close it as early as May 31. His discovery, "Treaty on Karakat," a piece of colonial propaganda, had failed dismally. The only play which had an audience in these days was the musical comedy, "The Ministry Is Insulted." The program was tactfully silent about its having been written by three Jewish writers, Fred Heller, Tisch, and Lengsfelder.

Today the theatrical productions of Vienna, the cultural hub of Central Europe, hardly equal those of a second-rate Balkan town.

New Communist Presbyter

WHAT ARE WE TO DO? By John Strachey. Random House. $3.

RE-ASKING the famous question that Lenin posed in 1902, John Strachey, who is rapidly qualifying as the Paul of the Communist church, answers with a powerful appeal to the labor movement to put on the whole armor of Marx that it may withstand the wiles of a decaying, and therefore desperate, capitalism. His epistle is addressed both to British and American labor but especially to the latter, which he thinks may still avoid the errors committed by the former—errors now only retrievable at heavy cost.

The book falls into three parts. In the first Strachey considers not so much the history of British and American labor as the morphology of labor movements; how and why they are conceived, their development in embryo, their infantile diseases such as syndicalism, and their susceptibility to the germ of Fabianism as manhood approaches. The second part describes how immunity to this germ may be achieved by the injection of "scientific socialism" with the hypodermic aid of a "new model party"—the Communist Party. Finally a diet is prescribed: "Peace, democracy, and a national standard of life above the subsistence level." Steadily absorbed, this should bring that rude health necessary for a successful struggle against the demon capitalism.

In other words, Strachey has written the most elaborate rationalization of the new party line that has yet appeared. No one familiar with his mastery of material and his ability to develop a thesis logically needs to be told he has made a supremely good job of it. He is well aware that the line appears all too much like an opportunist swerve, and he is at great pains to show that it is absolutely according to Marx and Lenin and represents the logical development toward which the class struggle has led from the beginning.

Without going so far as to indorse the whole argument—which would involve acceptance of Strachey's belief in the scientific exactitude of his socialist ideology—an agnostic reviewer can adhere to some of the conclusions of this book. It is possible, for instance, to agree to the value, at this time, of a united front of all democratic forces; to the concentration by that front on a simple program of defense of peace, democracy, and the standard of living; and even to the utility of a closely knit party, aware of its ultimate purposes and energetic in their pursuit, to act as the spearhead of that front. But it is also possible to question whether in fact the Communist Party is the new model required.

The question of democracy is the vital test. According to Strachey, capitalism has now reached such a state of decay that it is compelled to turn to imperialist wars and the undermining of the workers' standard of life; equally it must attack the democratic institutions which to some extent hamper its freedom of action. Hence democracy, of which the Communists were scornful enough not so long ago, has now become a fort to be defended at all costs. Naturally, when the war is over, its walls may be razed. As Strachey says, it would be criminal "to preserve *for the capitalist class* [his italics] their existing democratic rights during the process of the transference of the means of production." But this begs the question. It is the democratic rights not merely of a tiny

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minority but of the whole people which still appear to be in abeyance in Russia, long after the transference of the means of production has been accomplished.

Aware that divergence of ultimate aims is a severe obstacle to the sort of united front he seeks, Strachey says in effect to the non-Communist progressives: We have adopted a threefold program which is equally yours. True, we think if it is carried out steadfastly it will produce a breakdown of the capitalist system and allow us to seize power on behalf of the workers, while you hold that it is possible by these means to control and modify capitalism without upsetting the whole applecart. Very well, then: since we are agreed on immediate issues, let us leave the outcome to the test of events.

Reasonable as this sounds, the argument is specious. Successful strategy in defense of the three principles is dependent on ultimate objectives. Genuine believers in democracy will want to conduct the campaign so as to produce the maximum progress in reform of the system consistent with the avoidance of a catastrophic breakdown of the economic machine. For if breakdown comes we shall get dictatorship. Provided it is the left that comes out on top, Strachey and his friends will be perfectly satisfied, but for the workers and lower middle classes, whom they are so assiduously wooing, will it prove other than the lesser of two evils?

Uninstructed as the masses may be, they have perhaps grasped a psychological fact of which "socialist science" has failed to take account—the fact that power is a poison for which democracy is the only known antidote; that dictators, no matter how sound their ideology, inevitably tend to confuse the welfare of society with their own welfare. The comparison this book makes between the new model party and Cromwell's Ironsides thus sounds ominous. True, those earlier "saints" were enormously effective in seizing their primary objectives, but let us remember the verdict of their contemporaries: "New presbyter is but old priest writ large."

KEITH HUTCHISON

Brilliant and Demoralizing

DANA AND THE SUN. By Candace Stone. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

MISS STONE has undertaken with success "a careful and consecutive analysis of the *Sun's* editorial policies as they were shaped by Dana from 1868 to 1897." Her volume, together with the friendly life of Dana by General James H. Wilson, Frank M. O'Brien's history of the *Sun,* and the autobiography of Edward P. Mitchell, so long Dana's right-hand man, certainly gives us about all the necessary factual information as to one of the most brilliant and perhaps most misleading and demoralizing editors who ever wielded great influence in New York City. If there is room for another volume it should be a merciless critical analysis of the man who published the best-edited and best-written daily newspaper, so far as its news columns were concerned, we have perhaps ever seen—but who was himself wholly destitute of principle or sound character.

Miss Stone has let the record speak for itself. It shows Dana's twistings and turnings, his total lack of consistency or loyalty, his persistent knifing of almost everyone in public life. He was for Grant and against him; for Hayes until he was nominated; for Tammany and against it; for Cleveland and bitterly and vindictively against him; for free silver and intensely opposed to it, and so on all down the line. There was not a bad cause which he did not at some time support, or a good one, like civil service reform, which he did not attack. He was as unpredictable as he was mordant and often amusing. He dressed up his editorials with such diabolical cleverness that he became the foremost disillusioner and misleader of youth, tainting with his cynicism the natural aspirations of young men to better the political conditions of his day. On the other hand, he made the *Sun* the darling of the newspaper world. When the writer of this review entered journalism it was still the height of the average newspaperman's ambition to have a job on the *Sun.* And Dana was a great journalist in his sense of news values, his welding of his paper into a whole, and his frequent exclusive stories and sensational exposures, of which, as Miss Stone points out, that of the Credit Mobilier was the most important.

Miss Stone's volume does not throw any light on the great mystery of Dana—why he became what he did—and it is to be feared that no one ever will. He began life as a resident of Brook Farm, as an ardent social reformer with profoundest sympathy for labor and radicalism. On his first visit to France, as Miss Stone says, "he swung farther and farther to the left." He was for the underdog with all the finest idealism of New England, "but . . . age, wealth, power, and disillusionment combined to turn idealism into cynicism and liberalism into reactionary dogmatism." Even that does not explain Dana's complete metamorphosis. He apparently enjoyed domestic happiness and he rendered extremely valuable service as Assistant Secretary of War during the Civil War. He was often at the front and, as at Chickamauga, proved himself a most competent observer. Apparently he could have been an extremely valuable public official, but on January 27, 1868, he purchased the *Sun,* and from that moment the other Dana appeared—with all his real interest in the masses, in labor, and reform gone. Thereafter his greatest joy seemed to be in attacking individuals with a violence of language which would be impossible in the press today.

Miss Stone's book has the defects of its qualities. It is not always easy reading because of the copious citations, but they again give the book its chief value. When one has produced a storehouse of material the reader faces a big task and will doubtless nibble where it seems most attractive. But the record is there; it has been compiled with intelligence, understanding, and courage and it will stand.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Liberal Among Fascists

SAINTS IN SUMMERTIME. By Brinckerhoff Jackson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

A LIBERAL caught between the advancing barrages of the fascists and the militant leftists is the pivotal character in "Saints in Summertime." The position of such a man is certainly one of the most interesting on the con-

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temporary scene; but Mr. Jackson has chosen for that character an editor of a small-town newspaper, a sedate, respected journalist who maintains his liberalism with something between Olympian calm and sluggish passivity—a figure who has, as I see it, the misfortune to follow a little too closely (whether consciously or not) in the fictional footsteps of the Doremus Jessup of Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here." Mr. Jackson's Anton Westerling lives in a Central European city somewhat closer to fascism than any in Vermont, he has an even more naive faith in Reason and Right, and he leads a private life as dull as it is normal, but it all adds up to much the same kind of social picture. Mr. Jackson, however, has only a modicum of the Lewis ability to catch the face and spirit of contemporary movements and the types who represent them.

When Westerling takes his wife to the country for a summer vacation, he finds himself caught in a mire of provincial relatives led by a domineering, fanatically religious mother-in-law, and, after that, in the local struggle between the liberals and the fascist "Black Hammers." Westerling is so tolerant, so ideally objective, and so meek that he offers only a Gandhi-like resistance as his in-laws dump their Dark Age notions of society on his head, as the liberals practically throw away the local election, and as his idly, vaguely dissatisfied wife decides that a local fascist swaggerer is a more exciting companion. What it lacks in the way of an adequate presentation of political philosophies and groups, "Saints in Summertime" is always on the verge of compensating for by its characterizations of the in-laws and the politicians or by the near-tension of Westerling's struggle with his wife. It remains, however, only on the verge.

MILTON RUGOFF

Can Czechoslovakia Survive?

CZECHS AND GERMANS. By Elizabeth Wiskemann. Oxford University Press. $5.

THIS brilliant analysis of one of the most crucial problems of today, issued under the auspices of the British Royal Institute of International Affairs as part of its series of studies on the territorial problems of the peace settlement, is indispensable to every student of international affairs. It not only gives the historical background of the centuries-old struggle between Germans and Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia, but it also demonstrates convincingly that no solution compatible with the maintenance of peace in Europe and the independence of Czechoslovakia can be found along the lines of Henlein's demands. Viscount Runciman would be well advised to study this book.

The "historic provinces," Bohemia and Moravia, have been the cradle of all the basic ideas of modern national socialism and racism. Hitler had little to add to what the Pan-Germans in Bohemia advocated in the eighties and nineties of the last century. Even Hitler's hatred for old Austria with her nationally mixed population is but a repetition of Schönerer's fury against the "racial impurities" of the Hapsburg Empire. Anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and the profound conviction that there is a hierarchy of races in which Germans shall rule over Slavs was an article of the Pan-German political creed long before Adolf Hitler was born.

Most of the mistakes which Czechoslovakia made in dealing with the Germans after 1918 can be explained psychologically by the immediate past. Some were the result of the effort to make amends to the Czechs for their suffering under German rule. However modest, the agrarian reform, indispensable from the point of view of the small Czech peasant, was bound to hurt the German big landowners. National frontiers very often coincided with social frontiers and the predominance of progressive and labor forces in Czechoslovakia implied social reforms at the expense, very often, of the formerly dominant Germans. Still, nothing that the Germans have complained of has been as offensive as the notices that used to be posted in some German hotels and cafes in Bohemia not long before the war: "Czechs, Jews, dogs not allowed here." The fact that until Hitler a large majority of the Germans were "activists," i. e., cooperated with the Czechs on the basis of the existing democratic constitution, trying to use it as a means of redress for their national grievances, and that the Germans were even represented in the government, proves that the Germans were and still are far better off than any other national minority in Central or Eastern Europe. He who does not consider racial values higher than human and civic values may justifiably think that a German's fate under Czechoslovakian democratic rule is a much better one than the German citizen's in the Third Reich. It is, as Miss Wiskemann demonstrates, not so much the claim for national justice—and no one has less moral right to be the mouthpiece of minorities—as Germany's drive to the southeast that makes Hitler and Henlein force this problem into the forefront of European diplomacy.

Miss Wiskemann, in discussing the different solutions put forward by Henlein, shows that the transformation of Czechoslovakia into a federation of its component nationalities after the Swiss model would in fact make the country "the helpless prey of any powerful and unscrupulous neighbor—no one decentralizes when war is in sight." Actually this plan bears no resemblance to the Swiss system, where cantonal frontiers pass across the language divisions. Further, even the Swiss constitution would prove unworkable under present conditions in Czechoslovakia. Federalism and totalitarian principles are mutually exclusive. Territorial autonomy for the roughly 2,000,000 Sudeten Germans—out of some 3,000,000 Sudeten Germans living in Czechoslovakia—who alone, for geographical reasons, could be united under autonomous rule or a national organization on a personal principle (National Kataster), as advocated by Henlein, would hand over either the democratic Germans or about 700,000 Czechs living scattered on mainly German territory to a Nazi dictatorship. A fascist state inside a democracy is obvious nonsense.

Anschluss between Sudeten Germans and the Reich Germans would not only leave democratic and national minorities at the mercy of Nazi rule, but also make Czechoslovakia so vulnerable, from a strategic point of view, that her independence would in fact be non-existent. The small-scale German industrialist and the Czech peasant in the interior parts of Bohemia who are economically interdependent

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would, if a frontier separated them, be hit by customs and currency barriers which in Central Europe imply complete divorce.

Any of these solutions would be in practice a transition toward German domination over the whole of Southeastern Europe. "The more one examines the Czech-German problem the more evident it becomes that there is no very clear distinction to be made between the cession of the mainly German-speaking territories of Czechoslovakia and the complete domination of Central Europe—Czech-speaking territory included—by the Germans." It is easy to imagine how much—or how little—would be left of European democracy if the Nazis should succeed where the Kaiser failed. Thus, Miss Wiskemann concludes, the least unsatisfactory program that can be found is for Czechoslovakia to "continue within her peace-treaty frontiers and to pursue the conciliatory policy which President Benes has sponsored."

The main question involved, therefore, is which is the lesser evil—that 10,000,000 Czechs and Slovaks should live in a German and fascist state or that 3,000,000 Germans should live in a non-German and democratic state; or, put in a different way, whether Czech democracy and the independence of the small nations of southeastern Europe shall be sacrificed in order to enable Germany to get the raw materials and manpower she needs for her self-appointed messianic mission.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

Poetry in the Modern World

THE WORLD'S BODY. By John Crowe Ransom. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. RANSOM speaks of these papers as "preparations" for criticism—not so much, I should think, because he distrusts his present capacities as because he foresees the distance that any thorough modern analysis of poetry has still to travel. The essays, in one sense, are fairly miscellaneous: some are small in scope and technical in treatment, others bring into play much that has to do with philosophy, psychology, and science; but all together they provide a clear esthetic attitude and point of view. If the point of view is largely familiar, it is modified in places by Mr. Ransom's temperament and independence of thought.

Being a poet, but also a man of modern education, Mr. Ransom wants to determine the function of poetry in the modern world. But he does not want to determine it by compromise or fraud, by artificially reconciling the forces that tend to defeat poetry with the impulses that tend to keep it alive. Nor would he make poetry a substitute for something else; for him it must survive through its own unique powers of revelation and its own unique æsthetic rewards. Aware that "efficiency has outdistanced sensibility" in modern life, Mr. Ransom continues the old view of Coleridge that poetry stands opposed to science, and insists that it must remedy the quantitative findings of science with its own qualitative truths.

All this was fought out in the nineteenth century; but Mr. Ransom would assuredly not reach the nineteenth-century conclusion of Arnold and ask ethical and religious dividends of poetry, though he might, with strong reserva-

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tions, see something in the nineteenth-century conclusion of Pater, that "art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake." But Mr. Ransom would deprecate the escapism in Pater quite as much as the didacticism in Arnold. For his own attitude demands that poetry must be realistic, must not exist in a wishful "state of innocence" which has no correspondence in life.

With this unadulterated view of poetry most of the good critical minds of a generation ago would certainly have been in accord. True, Mr. Ransom sometimes perverts his own view. "The tense of poetry," he remarks, "is the past. More accurately, it is the pluperfect—the apodosis of a contrary-to-fact condition." This sounds dangerously escapist; it turns poetry into a voice for our frustrated desires. But it is more important to examine Mr. Ransom's central thesis: "True poetry has no great interest in improving or idealizing the world, which does well enough." So truistic is this dictum in one sense that we must take care to note how, in another sense, it is much too sweeping. True poetry, to be sure, has no vulgar notions of uplift and, by and large, no ability—whatever its inclinations—to improve the world. On the other hand, true poetry can certainly create emotions (of rebellion or defiance or compassion) which bend back into life; and again, though poetry cannot usurp the functions of science or economics or history, neither can it kindle its hottest fires in a vacuum. Can we, indeed, come up against the poet without also coming up against the man behind the poet, and that part of the man who is a citizen of the world? But granting for the sake of argument that we might, what of the added remark that "the world does well enough"? This seems to me a purely personal, and not at all a critical, statement. And it seems to me that by subscribing to it Mr. Ransom frees himself from all obligations of world-citizenship, and consents to surround poetry with a high protective tariff while abandoning life itself to the most piratical laissez faire. But though Mr. Ransom, speaking for himself, may dismiss the world as doing "well enough," he unfortunately leaves unsettled for others the most pressing artistic problem of the day, which is what the role of the artist is to be in contemporary life. We know how difficult a one it is, for even when its precise nature has been determined its working technique will still remain to be formulated. During the '30's most artists have sweated to defend the principles on which art and culture rest without, simultaneously, destroying the objectivity by which art and culture are attained. Most artists have seen causes and credos take a heavy toll of their artistic production, yet been forced to see that the world of art cannot long bring light if the world of action is more and more rapidly bringing darkness. This dilemma Mr. Ransom has complacently ignored.

Mr. Ransom, like Allen Tate, with whom he acknowledges a close affinity of ideas, comes through as a kind of enlightened reactionary. He is too well informed to be lumped with the ivory-tower school and too cynical to be identified with any liberal one. To think that the world "does well enough" is either to be satisfied with it or to have philosophically despaired of it. This reactionary insouciance is to be deplored, the more so because in the matter of poetry itself Mr. Ransom is a very penetrating and witty critic. To

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read his criticism is to encounter a high type of mind, capable of demolishing both the sloppy sensibility of dilettantes and the wooden insensibility of academicians. Whether Mr. Ransom is dissecting "Lycidas" (and psychologically accounting for those deviations from form which led Dr. Johnson, accounting for them æsthetically, to pass his monstrous judgment on the poem), or whether he is showing that when Aristotle spoke of a katharsis he meant a very genteel purge and not some nobly spiritual shower bath, or whether he is slaughtering the university professors for doing a narrow job with English literature, he has qualities of acumen and wit to which not very many critics of today can lay claim. But the problem of poetry today can hardly not be linked to the problem of human culture, which is plainly being menaced; and Mr. Ransom's theoretical formulations will neither diminish that menace nor keep it from going on to prevail.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Shorter Notices

THE WORLD IS MINE: THE STORY OF A MODERN MONTE CRISTO. By William Blake. Simon and Schuster. $3.

A number of novelists have been toying with astronomical financial figures, a pastime popular since the days of Midas and Croesus. Now they say the golden game of speculation is played by cynics and radicals who know that capitalism is going to hell. An admirable conceit, but as this novel by William Blake indicates, the game is nothing more than a new type of escapism. "The World Is Mine" flits off to a Never-Never Land of tired radicalism as misty as the romantic pastures of the true-love magazines. Its hero, Don Cristobal Pinzon, is an anarchist with a deep hatred for the tyrants of Spain. But because four shady English promoters finagled the family copper mine from his father and left the Pinzons destitute, Cristobal determines to accomplish the revenge of which he is sworn with the methods of the crooks themselves rather than continue as a revolutionary. He learns the tricks of capitalism well—indeed, too well. Once Cristobal is off on his gigantic, perfectly executed, and always successful speculations he becomes a mechanism instead of a man. From the eminence of ten billion dollars he exterminates the Englishmen with silly ease. Then he turns his sweet attentions to the system at large. But suddenly and unaccountably (or rather, because Mr. Blake had to end a novel already much too long), he grows stupid; in the Spanish civil war he buys arms for the peasantry instead of buying Franco off with a billion or so. Distrusted by both sides, he is killed in a guerrilla skirmish. This novel is merely a pretty personification of recent history. It is the work of a man of such hurried and hungry intellectual curiosity that he can never descend from convenient abstractions to human beings.

WIND OVER WISCONSIN. By August Derleth. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

It is a pity Glenway Westcott said "Good-by, Wisconsin," for the fictional history of his native state which August Derleth is writing, of which "Wind Over Wisconsin" is the second volume, cries out for Mr. Westcott's incisive clarity and distinction of expression, his great gifts for evoking living characters from the past. With all its conscientious documentation, local color, descriptions of nature, and introduction of actual historical personages, Mr. Derleth's novel of the Black Hawk War has about as much life as a series of Cecil B. DeMille stills. One reads on the blurb that Mr. Derleth has also written "Still Is the Summer Night," a novel of Wisconsin in the '80's, but one turns instead to Glenway Westcott's "The Grandmothers," a book which in its simple dignity, economy, and insight shows how few props are needed to make the past live if it is perceived in terms of the human heart and mind rather than as a taxidermist's pageant.

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Letters to the Editors

Minority Report

Dear Sirs: Although it is our belief that intra-union difficulties should be thrashed out within the union, since Morris Yanoff has seen fit publicly to take exception to an article by Edward Levinson, we feel that the readers of *The Nation* should know that Yanoff's statement presents only one side of the story, and includes some startling inaccuracies.

"Local 16 is not dominated by any political group," writes Brother Yanoff. Let us examine the record. Local 16's present administration has consistently supported known Communist Party organizations and ignored other organizations in the same field which were not controlled by the C. P. It supported the American League for Peace and Democracy, not any other recognized peace movement; the International Labor Defense, not the Civil Liberties Union or the Workers' Defense League; the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, not any other fighting section; the North American Committee for Spain, not Trade Union Relief for Spain. All these were indorsed in spite of the opposition of a considerable portion of the membership of the local who objected to this obvious political partisanship.

"Every opportunity exists in Local 16 for full expression of differences of opinion," asserts Yanoff, who from his seat on the floor actually controls the meeting by a nod of the head or the passing of a note to the chair. The spirit of "democratic discussion" which has been fostered in our union was illustrated by a statement of one of the "comrades" on the floor recently: "Why do you people take up so much of our time with your ideas? You know if you propose something we will vote against it." An even more glaring example was the resolution introduced by Yanoff:

> The membership of Local 16 hereby goes on record as opposing publication and distribution, directly or indirectly, of points of view relating to the instruction to our delegates to the U. O. P. W. A. convention which are in opposition to the action taken by this membership. Any violation of this ruling will be considered a serious breach of trade-union responsibility, subject to appropriate action by the Local.

Mr. Yanoff in defense of his resolution maintained that the opposition is only a small minority. (Apparently, therefore, it may readily be suppressed.) The fact is that this "tiny bloc" comprises over 30 per cent of the membership, as demonstrated by union elections. This is the type of unionism which Edward Levinson described in his article and which we "disrupters" are fighting against.

LEA FASINELLA
SARA GOULD
Executive Board Members, Local 16, United Office and Professional Workers of America

New York, August 3

Violent Holy Land

Dear Sirs: The following data may be of interest in clarifying figures cited in my recent article, Coming Revolt in the Desert. From January 1, 1936, to October 31, 1937, there were 411 killings in Palestine; from November 1, 1937, to July 26, 1938, there were at least 496, a rate three times as great as that for the preceding year. In the twenty days from July 6 to 26 of this year there were 187 violent deaths, a rate fifteen times that for the year before the announcement of the Partition Plan. During the post-plan period cited deaths were as follows: Jews killed: by Arabs 79, by the government 2, total 81; Arabs killed: by the government 221, by unclassified parties (including Arabs) 180, total 401; British killed (police and military): by Arabs 13; miscellaneous killed: by Arabs, one Russian nun. We can no longer say, therefore, that most victims are Jews, although Jews still do the least killing. The result of British policy in the twentieth year of the League's Mandate is that the government killed almost one Palestinian daily. The policy of "keeping the ring" (modern English usage for *divide et impera*) is not Mr. Chamberlain's invention: the 1937 Ormsby-Gore White Paper is the extension of the 1931 Webb White Paper, the 1922 Churchill White Paper, and the war-time papers of Messrs. Balfour, Macmahon, Lawrence, Shakespeare, Philby, and Cox.

HERBERT SOLOW

New York, July 27

Investigation Needed

Dear Sirs: Permit me to make the following suggestion about Mexican oil. Send down an investigation committee composed of Professors Ross, Ripley of Harvard, and Davis, formerly of Yale, along with others to be named later. Let them investigate both oil and our State Department and report to the American public.

T. A. MC KAY

South Range, Wis., July 14.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN GUNTHER, author of "Inside Europe," has recently completed a trip around the world and is now writing a new book, "Outside Asia."

MATT SLAY, a native of Texas, has made a first-hand study of the conditions he describes.

LUDWIG LORE conducts a column called "Behind the Cables" in the New York *Post.*

HELEN WOODWARD is writing a book on the advertising business entitled "O Paradise."

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KEITH HUTCHISON was formerly on the London staff of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

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ADOLF STURMTHAL was for many years head of the Research and Publications Department of the Labor and Socialist International. He has served as London correspondent of Czech newspapers.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the editor of "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany."

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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